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"MISERABLE comforters are ye all!" must have been the exclamation or the reflection of more than one Minister over the elaborate apologies which have been made for the expected, but unexpectedly great, defeat of the Unionists at Northwich. It is, of course, perfectly true that the constituency has merely returned to its position—almost its exact position—of 1885, and that these local electorates which judiciously alternate between great local benefactors, so as to keep both in a healthy and profitable disposition to "ground-bait," are very old and very well-known phenomena to the practised politician. But, though some mathematicians gravely rebuke the popular fallacy of thinking that there is anything more wonderful in red turning up for the *n*th time than in its turning up for the first, even those mathematicians will hardly say the same of political runs of luck. It is notorious that Northwich does not stand alone, that it is the last (up to present dates) of a series of Unionist misfortunes, or, to speak more correctly, Unionist reverses. Give all possible credit to the fact that it was the BRUNNER and not the VERDIN turn at Northwich, and that if Northwich had not respected this order, the stream of free libraries and so forth might have been in danger of running dry from VERDIN presumption and BRUNNER disgust. Give all further credit to the new and very serious element in politics, which consists in the presence and readiness to act on the anti-English side of Mr. PARNELL's paid henchmen, accomplished in electioneering, perfectly unscrupulous, many of them men of a certain ability in their way, and with success as much a matter of business to them as it is to a baker or a buttermilk man. All this is not, and no Minister in his senses can suppose it to be, a complete explanation of the series of disasters.

The causes lie deeper, and they have been already referred to here, but the dangerous supineness with which the Government still allows them to continue acting calls for more outspoken language. It is impossible to deny that the Ministry has, both in its earlier and its later tenures of office, disappointed the expectations of its friends and given occasion to the enterprise of its enemies. It is quite true that it has not *done* much that is particularly bad; it is "the undone vast," not "the petty done," which threatens in turn to undo it. The attempts to "oblige Benson" in a new way by cooking up, or allowing to be cooked up, hybrid Liberal-Conservative measures like the Irish Land Bill and the Allotments Bill were perhaps inevitable in the circumstances, for the labourer and the Liberal Unionist are alike worthy of their hire. The at least very general result of giving the former an allotment is that he gives it up, and when he does not it does him good no doubt. As for the Land Bill, as nothing will ever settle the Irish land question till some one has the pluck and the sense to blot out the whole land legislation of the last twenty years, and go back to intelligible principles of free bargain, it really matters very little what particular form each successive attempt at the impossible takes. But it is perfectly clear that, if the Government thought (as very likely they were right in thinking) that some pay must be given to their Liberal Unionist allies, they should have settled the amount and nature of that pay clearly, and adhered to it rigidly. This they have notoriously not done. They have seemed, indeed, unable to adhere rigidly, or rather firmly, to any course of conduct; and it is to the bad impression caused by this, in small matters as in great, that their

recent disasters, such as they are, must be traced. Of actual ill-luck—that is to say, of disaster not under their own control—they have had only one piece, the capricious conduct of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, misconduct which might easily have been anticipated, and which certainly was not met in a particularly firm or dignified way. The alliance with the Liberal Unionists created, of course, as any politician with half an eye could see, a difficult situation. But statesmen exist to grapple with difficult situations, and the probable outcomes of this special situation could have been calculated, if not with great nicety, at any rate with very fair working precision.

But the two curses of the present Government (we speak, as before, of its two tenures of power as one) have been timidity in forming resolutions, and lack of firmness in sticking to them when formed. The original error, the error of not making a bold stroke at once for the suppression of Irish disorder, was protested against, and has never ceased to be protested against. But it was committed, not of course (as only Radical journalists pretend, and as even Radical journalists do not believe) because Lord SALISBURY and Mr. PARNELL met in the vaults of the Houses of Parliament and swore the destruction of the British Empire, but because letting the matter slide seemed an easy and a popular thing to do. The bird then hatched has come home to roost with the usual regularity of such political fowl, and he has been joined since by others of his kind, all produced by the same incubators—timidity and want of resolution. The miserable blunder of the CASS case, which has been a scandal, and which must, however it ends, almost certainly involve a miscarriage of justice, has been an example in little of the whole conduct of the Government. They form, it may be, a tolerably wise decision at first. Then somebody "applies pressure" on the other side. Then they hesitate, then they concede, and then they blunder even in the manner of concession. The conduct of business, the revision of judicial rents, the insignificant but disastrous matter just referred to, the management of tumultuous public meetings, the Horse Artillery affair, a dozen other things have all been instances of this wobbling squeezeableness. It might have been thought that the first maxim of the political copybook was "Stout sinning is better than rickety righteousness." But in the Government copybook, at any rate, the maxim seems either not to exist or not to have been learnt.

And now there is this crowning matter of the Proclamation of the gang of petty tyrants and half-fledged traitors known as the National League. Lord SALISBURY has described, with admirable exactness, the character of that organization. He has taken credit, and quite just credit, for obtaining from Parliament, with vast pains and great expenditure of time, the machinery necessary for putting an end to it. His patent curse for its abolition has been procured and is ready. But, with the grossest injustice to the sorcerer, the customer (who, oddly enough, is also the sorcerer in another capacity) declines even to try if it will act. All probability is in favour of the supposition that, if even at the eleventh hour the League had been proclaimed, the Northwich election would not have been lost by anything like so large a majority, while if it had been proclaimed weeks ago, the Northwich election might possibly not have been lost at all. Lord SALISBURY still holds a very strong hand, and he has still time, though but a short time, to play it. He has a great Parliamentary majority at the moment. He is, as far as can be seen, the only possible

Prime Minister—for Lord HARTINGTON has not following enough, Mr. GLADSTONE is cut off from intelligent and patriotic Englishmen by rivers of blood and mountains of blunder, and of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL it is sufficient to say that, if he were not Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, he might be a very good candidate. But no man can afford to go on spending the capital of his reputation as the present Conservative Government has been spending it. It has ability enough, it has honesty of purpose enough. It is at least equal in the first and immeasurably superior in the second to any of the Governments that could be formed of known and tried politicians. But it appears to be fatally deficient in starting power to begin with and in staying power afterwards. Everybody knows the Bulgarian explanation of a locomotive. You build a handsome iron box, you make wheels and pipes and tubes for it, and then you catch a strong young devil, and put him inside. The Ministerial locomotive would seem to be complete in all particulars but one. The box is there, and the pipes and the wheels and the tubes are there, excellently adjusted, and of first-rate material. But where is the strong young devil? There are some who would find no difficulty of course in answering—an answer with which we cannot agree. But of this Ministers may be certain. If they at this eleventh hour begin to act with vigour, all may go well. But, if they do not reverse their slackness, if they do not at once attack the enemy in Ireland, at once leave off trying to conciliate him in England, and at once remember that the first and second duties of statesmen (after which there is no third worth speaking of) are “Make up your mind clearly” and “Stick to that mind when made up,” certain things will infallibly happen. The first is that they will very soon cease to have the power to wage even that “dull defensive war” which they now carry on. The second is that they will have been guilty, as no English Ministry has been guilty for many years, of the *gran rifiuto* which is the most unpardonable and the most inexplicable of political crimes—the refusal *per villate*, through mere cowardice and irresolution, to exercise power which is actually possessed, and avail oneself of opportunities which are actually presented, in the cause of right and justice.

RAILWAY STOCK.

RAILWAY shareholders have been agreeably surprised by the results of the last half-year's working. Nearly all the principal Companies have slightly increased their dividends as compared with last year's returns. The result had probably been anticipated only by those who have made a special study of railway traffic and finance. The revival of commercial prosperity which had been generally anticipated has again been indefinitely postponed, and there is too much reason to fear that the long-continued depression is due to permanent causes. The increase of net revenue is in the majority of cases to be attributed rather to a diminution of working expenses than to larger gross receipts. The process of saving has now been continued for two or three years, and there must be a limit to its further application. It must be remembered that the year 1886 was unusually unfavourable to the prosperity of railways. The dividends which are now in course of payment would not long ago have been considered highly unsatisfactory. The Jubilee, on which sanguine shareholders had counted for an exceptionally large passenger traffic, has disappointed their expectations. The interruption of business during some weeks in the height of the summer probably counterbalanced the temporary increase of the pleasure traffic. There seems to be a fractional improvement in trade, and railway Companies are concerned rather with quantities, which are on the whole maintained, than with the prices of goods. The mineral traffic is still injuriously affected by the stagnant condition of the iron trade. Passenger traffic, though it has not been diminished in amount, becomes less and less profitable, through the growing habit of travelling on the cheapest terms. An increasing number of passengers take the opportunity of travelling in third-class carriages; and the objections which were formerly entertained against the practice are naturally weakened as it becomes comparatively fashionable. The abolition of the second class by the Midland Company several years ago has found a few neighbouring imitators. The result has not been distinctly shown in the accounts; but there is reason to believe that it has involved serious loss both to the Midland Company and to its

competitors. Those who formerly used the second class have moved into the third class, instead of profiting by the low rates which were at the same time charged for first-class places.

The high prices of debenture and preference stocks, and even of ordinary stocks, are still maintained, and in many cases increased. The great bulk of railway capital is held as an investment, and the stocks are consequently seldom treated as subjects for Stock Exchange speculation. It is becoming every day more difficult to find safe employment for capital. The innumerable Limited Companies which are created from day to day absorb a large amount; but the great majority of such undertakings involve serious risks, and ordinary investors have little means of testing the accuracy of a prospectus. The rush for opportunities of subscribing, when well-known houses are converted into limited Companies, was illustrated when two or three famous breweries were, during the present year, offered for subscription. The results are believed thus far to have corresponded with the general expectation, but in such cases the distribution of shares is so arranged that only a few capitalists have the opportunity of subscribing. Railway stocks with fixed dividends are far less profitable, but they are almost absolutely safe. At present debenture stock only returns a little more than three per cent. on the market price, and preference stocks with large open stocks behind them are cheaper only by a fraction. It is more remarkable that ordinary stocks in dividend-paying Companies can seldom be bought to pay as much as four per cent. on the purchase-money. The hope of future profit both keeps up the price of the best stocks and renders saleable the shares of Companies which have for a long time not earned enough to pay their fixed charges. All classes of investors find something to meet their various tastes. Some of them are willing to dispense for an indefinite time with interest on their money, in the hope that some unforeseen accident of special traffic or of amalgamation may enable them to obtain a return of double or treble their outlay. One of the many causes which tend to keep up the price of railway stocks is the imminent reduction of the Government Three per Cents. Owners of small fixed incomes are naturally alarmed at the prospect of an operation which, though it is thoroughly legitimate, will inflict on them a heavy loss.

A few years ago discontented shareholders were in the habit of complaining that Railway Boards could not be persuaded to close their capital accounts. The object is essentially unattainable, as long as the smallest increase of accommodation is provided to meet the demands of passengers and freighters. A railway is almost always susceptible of improvement, and Directors practise a sound economy when they anticipate actual wants. The clamour was loudest while the railway system was still in course of extension. The only question for the existing Companies was whether gaps in communication should be filled up by themselves or by competitors. It might in some cases be evident that the undertaking would not be directly profitable, and it might also involve a certain risk of loss; but the inhabitants of districts in want of railways cared little for the interests of Companies which, as they justly contended, had no legal or moral right to a monopoly. By taking the place of independent projectors, or by means of working agreements, the Companies extended their systems, and new additions and amalgamation have now given one Company a territory of two thousand miles. The result is, on the whole, that Great Britain is better supplied with railways than any other part of the world; and it is for the public advantage, and sometimes for the benefit of the Companies, that capital accounts, though they are not closed, increase at a slow rate after and not before the completion of the existing network of lines. The complaint that Boards of Directors have been too grasping and too ambitious is still occasionally repeated. Malcontents point out that some branch lines produce little or no return for the capital expended; and they often forget that the additional traffic on the main line ought to be taken into account in forming a judgment on the prudence of the undertaking. In the present Session there has been little new enterprise. Some of the great Companies have dispensed with the annual Omnibus Bill, as it is called, which they for the most part find necessary for the purposes of capital or for small local extensions. In the absence of predatory legislation the condition of railways may be regarded as sound and moderately prosperous.

One novel experiment which had been suspended for a

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time is at last about to be tried. The Manchester Ship Canal was sanctioned on a second or third application to Parliament, on the condition that a large portion of the capital should be subscribed before the work was commenced. The promoters entertained no doubt of the popularity of the undertaking; but the subscriptions, though the proposals were issued through the great firm of ROTHSCHILD, were not forthcoming. The promoters consequently sought in this Session for new facilities for raising capital, and ultimately they were authorized by Parliament to pay interest on subscriptions during the construction of the works, and also to raise an unusual proportion of their capital by the issue of preference stock. It is now certain that the undertaking will be prosecuted, though opinion is still divided on its probable success. The traders of Manchester and the Lancashire manufacturers are warmly in favour of the Canal, which is intended to convert Manchester into a seaport. The interests of the opponents of the measure perhaps still account for their confident expectations that the scheme will prove abortive. It was opposed on obvious grounds by the Corporation of Liverpool and by the Railway Companies, of which some had a technical *locus standi* by reason of the interference of the proposed Canal with their works. The interests of both classes of opponents, as far as they were founded on the fear of competition, were properly overruled by Parliament. If railways can be undersold by canals, or if Manchester can be made a more convenient port than Liverpool, those who suffer by the change have no right to artificial protection. It still remains to be seen whether it is cheaper to take traffic to the sea or to bring the sea to the traffic. During the Parliamentary inquiry it was contended with much plausibility that the tendency of trade was to disembark cargoes at the first available harbour. The goods which are to be conveyed by the Manchester Ship Canal can only be taken by the ship to the terminus, or to some intermediate station. Those goods which are destined for other parts of the country must at some point be transhipped into railway trucks, though a certain length of water carriage will be substituted for railway mileage. The advocates of the railways called attention to the alleged diversion of the trade of London from the older docks to extensions into a lower reach of the Thames and to the new docks at Tilbury. Since that time the Tilbury Docks have been opened, and it is said that the expectations of their promoters have been thus far disappointed. There has not been sufficient length of experience to justify a positive opinion on the ultimate course of trade. The Manchester Ship Canal is to cost eight or nine millions, and undertakers who back their opinions to such an extent are entitled to a certain degree of confidence. If they succeed their example will be followed. A proposal has already been issued for making a Ship Canal from Gloucester, or rather from Sharpness Point, lower down the Severn, to Birmingham; but the promoters will probably wait for the success or failure of the Manchester Canal. It will be strange if, after superseding the old inland water communications, the railways are defeated by the new Ship Canals.

"DEFYING THE POLIS."

AN excessively ugly, but unfortunately not very new, story was published in the Irish correspondence in Tuesday's *Times*. It is said that Captain HAMILTON, the agent of the BROOKE estate at Coolgreany, on his return to Dublin from selling crops on evicted farms, was made the object of attack by violent mobs at two of the railway stations through which his train had to pass. They threw stones and gravel, and spat into the carriage window, at the same time uttering violent threats and obscene language to the occupants of Captain HAMILTON's carriage, one of whom was a lady. The guard of the train is reported to have done his best to keep the rioters at a distance; while at one station the police made no appearance, and at the other the single constable who was present made no effort to protect the passengers. It is added that "such scenes as these are of frequent occurrence, and nothing is done by the authorities to stop them."

It is of no manner of use passing Acts to amend the criminal law if outrages such as this are allowed to go unchallenged. It is, of course, impossible to say how far this particular account may be founded on an erroneous report, or coloured by the justifiable indignation of the re-

porter. If this, or anything like it, can occur, the condition of the country hardly deserves to be called civilized. To prevent such misdemeanours is the primary duty of the police. It ought to be certain, as it practically is in England, that in such an event the ringleader would at least probably be brought before a magistrate and punished. If not only is this not done, but no effort to do it is made, it makes no difference whether the law is lenient or severe, or whether it is easy or difficult to set in motion. It is probable enough that, if the Government had from the first addressed itself earnestly and with vigour to the task of prosecuting every one who was reasonably suspected of any offence, the Crimes Act, though salutary in all its provisions, would not have been essential to the proper government of the country. Almost any sort of civilized law will make it possible to keep order if the maintenance of order is attempted in good faith and with resolution, while the best laws in the world are of no use if you are not going—for whatever reason—to enforce them. Irish hostility to the law cannot be overcome at Westminster. It is in Ireland that the law is defied, and in Ireland, if anywhere, that it must be vindicated and its authority restored.

Since the melancholy day when Lord CARNARVON, having received the recalcitrant members of the Corporation of Limerick in his bedroom, decided not to send them to prison, there has been hardly any occasion when the practice of guily "defying the polis"—recommended from the seat of judgment by the mayor of some Irish town—has been met with the uncompromising and remorseless retribution whereby alone it can be effectively discouraged. It is a good thing, as far as it goes, that a certain number of robustious patriots have already made practical acquaintance with the plank bed of Saxon tyranny; but in order to be really effective the punishment must be made co-extensive with the crime. If it is to be an open chance whether a man who is openly guilty of seditious riot or unprovoked assault is prosecuted or has no notice taken of him, the possibility of punishment will exercise but very little depressing effect upon his lawless ardour. It does not so much matter whether the law is always vindicated by the conviction of the offender. The important thing is that those responsible for the public peace should show clearly that, if it is not, it will not be through any fault of theirs. If prosecution follows as a matter of course upon open defiance of the law, the proportion of convictions will be quite large enough to discourage the lawless habit. The administration of the criminal law has been for twelve months, and still is, the turning-point of the whole Irish controversy. Its amendment has taken away the last rag of possible excuse for not administering it properly. The suppression of the National League is, no doubt, a question of policy—admitting that it can be properly called a question at all. The arrest, prosecution, and general suppression of defiant criminals has nothing to do with policy. It is the one thing essential to the maintenance of the Constitution in Ireland at all.

LORD WEMYSS ON SOCIALIST LEGISLATION.

LORD WEMYSS has redeemed a pledge given last year and satisfied his own conscience by recapitulating all recent instances of that kind of legislation which he describes as socialistic. His statements were true, his inferences were for the most part sound, and he made no pretension of suggesting a remedy for a formidable and growing evil. It would have been difficult or impossible to confute a forcible vindication of freedom and of proprietary right; but legislators and statesmen are not tied to the formula of the forensic oath. They are bound to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth; but it is not their duty to tell the truth in or out of season. In their public capacity they are incessantly engaged in controversy with opponents who are certain to accept their admissions and to ignore or evade their most cogent arguments. The most significant comment on Lord WEMYSS's able speech was furnished by the empty benches in his front and by the silence of his own friends. Most of them probably shared his opinions, but they seem to have differed as to the expediency of his protests. Conservative peers may well have doubted whether it was prudent to denounce the leaders of their party for their hesitating compliance with popular demands. Lord SALISBURY is not inclined to deny the unsoundness of many doctrines which have nevertheless influenced his practice. Unfriendly critics may be trusted to say all that can be urged against

his consistency and his sound judgment. The Minister's followers must in almost all cases be content to trust that he exercises a sound judgment in the circumstances with which he has to deal. His position furnishes a sufficient excuse for compromises and concessions which might in ordinary times be attributed to weakness. The allies on whom the Government depend for a working majority have reserved to themselves the right of separate action on all but one or two vital issues. Lord SALISBURY has therefore to consider, not only the opinions of his own party, but the working of separate organizations. He must either keep an imperfect coalition alive, or finally abandon his unwelcome task. An obstinate adherence to his own theoretical convictions would involve the restoration of Mr. GLADSTONE to office. Lord WEMYSS cannot doubt that a further consequence would be a flood of socialistic legislation. It would be better not to descend the line; but if there is no choice as to the downward road, some security is afforded by the pressure of a brake.

Lord WEMYSS yielded to the temptation of producing rhetorical effect in his threefold classification of Socialists. It is to be hoped that he is right in declaring that there is little to fear from the Socialism of the streets. It is more certain that any danger which may impend will not be effectually encountered by argument. The sneer which followed at the "professors" or literary exponents of Socialism was scarcely judicious. It may be true that Prince BISMARCK cultivates contempt for theorists, whether they are philosophers or merely sophistical pedants; but the professors have contributed almost as largely as himself to the restoration of German unity; and if they can convince the general community of the soundness of their doctrine, they may hereafter find another BISMARCK to translate their schemes into practice. It may be added that Prince BISMARCK himself has gone further than Lord SALISBURY in attempts to satisfy socialistic demands by special legislation; but it is unnecessary to pursue the digression. This title of "professor" might be applied to Lord WEMYSS himself. He also generalizes from the facts which he observes, and he enunciates abstract propositions which are sometimes, though rarely, questionable, if not erroneous. There is no doubt that the State, or, in other words, the sovereign authority, has sometimes legitimately interfered with the discretion of individuals. A provision in an Act or a promoting Bill, of which Lord WEMYSS complains, is at first sight neither unjust nor inexpedient. The Coal Mines Regulation Bill, it seems, prescribes that bandages and stretchers should be kept in certain places to meet the contingency of accidents. Apparently private interest has not induced those concerned to take precautions which appear to be highly reasonable. In such a case legislation supplies a want which cannot otherwise be met. A definite evil may well require an exceptional remedy, and, though the substitution of law for private enterprise is called socialistic, it may be perfectly compatible with adherence to the strictest rules of political economy. Lord WEMYSS more than once referred with approval to Lord PALMERSTON as the last Minister who systematically maintained the principles of free individual action; yet in the course of a short tenure of office as Home Secretary, Lord PALMERSTON passed the Act for the abatement of smoke, which has done much to render London habitable. The owners of factory chimneys had not made the improvement on their own account, and it was right that they should be compelled to consult the health and comfort of the community.

One objection to the opportuneness of Lord WEMYSS's comprehensive speech is that it forms an exhaustive list of precedents for State usurpation. Recent experience has, as Lord WEMYSS shows, abundantly illustrated the danger of tampering with sound principles. At this moment the innovations which were introduced in 1870 and 1881 are incessantly quoted in justification of further attacks on the property of Irish landowners. Even in Great Britain agrarian projectors loudly demand the transfer of the freehold from the landlord to the tenant on the ground that fixity of tenure has been established in Ireland. It is true that Lord WEMYSS's enumeration of instances may serve as a warning against further anomalies. Parliament and the present Government are contemplating objectionable measures which will in their turn create precedents for spoliation. Lord WEMYSS, as might be expected, denounced the Railway and Canal Traffic Bill which is intended to subject tariffs to the discretion of some official body. If the measure is passed in the form in which it was first submitted to the House of Lords, it will

furnish a dangerous argument in favour of the compulsory alienation of land. That it should be supported by members of a class which is consistently threatened with legislative spoliation is a proof of extraordinary blindness. Capitalists are sufficiently perverse when they countenance attacks on landowners; but that the owners of land should concur in the confiscation of railway property is a more extraordinary act of folly. Lord WEMYSS is at least thoroughly consistent, even when he carries his argument to an extreme. A "professor" of another school might contend with much effect that so great a force as the legislative power of a State ought not to be altogether wasted. The danger of abuse is not a sufficient reason for total abstinence from action. Such measures as the Public Health Acts necessarily interfere with property; but the enormous balance of advantage which results from their operation would be unattainable by any other method. Such a law as the Act for Inspection of Lodging-houses produces almost universal good, though it would, perhaps, if he had noticed the subject, have been included in Lord WEMYSS's general condemnation.

The catalogue of socialistic measures is sufficiently formidable; and there is too much excuse for the metaphorical statement that Conservatism is the fifth wheel in the socialistic coach. It would be useless to analyse too curiously a figurative expression. A fifth wheel is supposed to do neither harm nor good; but Lord WEMYSS is by no means disposed to tolerate Conservative complicity with Socialism. He rightly considers the Socialism of politicians as more dangerous than the theories of "professors." It may be remarked incidentally that it was scarcely worth while to taunt literary Socialists with their care to secure the copyright of their treatises. Only the street Socialists, who have nothing to lose, openly avow their intention of resorting to universal and violent plunder. Some kind of proprietary right is recognized by almost all writers on the subject. Their employment of the form which is used by other authors and by publishers would generally be found compatible with their arguments and conclusions. Theorists share with democratic agitators the responsibility for the hypocritical pretence that they are defending the cause of the weak against the strong. As Lord WEMYSS truly said, the policy of the day is "a truckling to the strong, a truckling to the Saxon with his vote and to the Irish tenant with his gun." He might with advantage have omitted his reference to the "Parliamentary firm of JACK SHEPPARD, DICK TURPIN, and BARABBAS." The worst of Socialist agitators can scarcely be accused of robbery for their own private benefit. The reward which they seek is political power, and not a share in the distribution of plunder. The analogy between certain statesmen and the unjust steward of the parable is much closer. The procedure of the servant who is ironically commended for his wisdom consisted in procuring advantages to another, and indirectly to himself. The debtors profited by the fraud in the first instance; but their dishonesty was suggested and carried into operation by the unjust steward. Some of the measures or proposals which Lord WEMYSS had collected from Parliamentary papers were almost cruel in their cynical injustice. One would-be legislator proposes to secure certain holidays to agricultural labourers, and at the same time to compel their employers to pay their wages during the cessation of work. Another Bill transfers the right of fishing in Scotland from the superior owners to the general public, and grants a right of way, probably on both sides of a stream, to all those who would at present be trespassers. Less irrational schemes are more immediately dangerous. It is easier to point out the rapid extension of a vicious principle than to provide a security against still bolder encroachments. Adulation to the dispensers of power is too prevalent; and, as in former times, the strong are preferred by these courtiers to the weak.

BULGARIA AND AFGHANISTAN

THOSE uncomfortable persons who declare that the most prominent fact in the politics—domestic as well as foreign—of Europe in the last quarter of the nineteenth century is that every one is afraid of every one else, may derive some support for their views from the progress of the Bulgarian question. The last stage of that question appears to be very curious; it can hardly be said to be very edifying. Prince FERDINAND, after mature deliberation, has

at last accepted his "call." Immediately everybody has begun to be very much afraid indeed. RIZA BEY, the Turkish representative at Sofia, took a holiday at once; but he also took care to observe that it was the merest accident. This, however, was, according to one account, followed by a far more important, and therefore far more ludicrous, proceeding. Prince FERDINAND notified his act to England, Austria, Italy, and Turkey, and requested their blessing. England, Austria, Italy, and Turkey replied with beautiful unanimity that they feared Prince FERDINAND's proceedings were a breach of the Berlin Treaty, and therefore could not approve them, but that, at the same time, as the Bulgarian people seemed not to dislike the said proceedings, they had no immediate intention to disapprove them. Later reports would seem to show that the actual formulation of this accommodating state of mind is unhistorical, but that it undoubtedly expresses with more or less accuracy the Anglo-Austro-Italo-Turkish mind. Again, it was said that Russia had sent a note of protest to all the Powers. It seems that Russia has done nothing of the kind, but has only communicated with her usual *souffre-douleur*, Turkey. There remains Germany. For a long time nobody in Germany, official or semi-official, loosed the lips of silence to give way to the words of speech on this unlucky subject. At last the *North German Gazette* observes, with admirable sagacity, that, if Prince FERDINAND has made a declaration of Bulgarian independence, he has done a very naughty thing indeed—on which point there can be no two opinions. But the effect said to be given to this sapient protest is not remarkable for anything but its careful "hedging." The German representative is not, it is asserted, to communicate with the PRINCE; but he may communicate with the Ministers. The terrors of a suspension of diplomatic relations have always been rather incomprehensible to lay minds; but in this form of the penalty they would certainly seem to be reduced to their very lowest terms.

In Russia, the country chiefly concerned, things are not, on the whole, very different. The irresponsible Russian papers (as far as there is any Russian paper which can be called irresponsible) are, of course, very indignant with the Coburg adventurer, as from their point of view they have a perfect right to be. Terrible things ought, according to them, to be done to "the pseudo-regents" and "the usurping successor of the Battenberger." Some particularly intelligent publicists have, it seems, come to the conclusion that, as Prince FERDINAND has broken and annihilated the Treaty of Berlin (a considerable feat for an Austrian subaltern to have performed), the Treaty of San Stefano in some mysterious way comes to life again. One would have thought that when words are flying about as to Bulgarian independence, and when, whatever Bulgaria is, she is more estranged from Russia than ever, the re-appearance of the big Bulgaria which Lord BEACONSFIELD nipped in the bud would be rather inconvenient for Russia than otherwise. But, however that may be, the notion that because Prince FERDINAND has rather "brusqued" the formalities as to one small part of an actually existing treaty arranged between all the Powers of Europe, that treaty could in some way give way to a private arrangement between Turkey and Russia, which was annulled before it came into any effect, is, to say the least, grotesque. This, like other utterances of the same kind, of course means only that Russian public opinion is annoyed at the possibility of failure, after the attempt to starve Bulgaria into submission by keeping her without a prince at all, and uses wild and whirling words in consequence. The situation has not, as a matter of fact, altered in any important degree. As always, if Russia can herself dare or can get permission from others to use actual violence to Bulgaria, then the Bulgarians will be in evil case. So long as she keeps to notes and protocols, they need not care the smallest Bulgarian coin about her or about her ill temper.

It must be owned, however, that the Bulgarians are not altogether happy in their princes. Prince ALEXANDER used language not nearly independent enough, and Prince FERDINAND, unless the telegraph grossly belies him, is using language a great deal too independent. Very likely there will some day be a Bulgaria which exists "by the grace of God"; in one sense, no doubt, Bulgaria, like everything else, exists by that grace already. But, in formal and diplomatic language, Bulgaria and Prince FERDINAND, if he aspires to represent Bulgaria, exist by grace of the Powers of Europe and the Berlin Treaty. The loose talk which is reported may gain a few cheers,

but it is in effect playing into the hands of Russia. There need be no harm in the Prince's going to Bulgaria; though, if 'twere to be done, 'twere well it had been done quicker. There would be much good in his setting to work to get Bulgaria in as good order as possible. But he should observe the utmost circumspection of language as to the instrument by which, for all his nominal violation of it, he actually holds. The line for him to take is to bring out the fact that his breach of the Berlin Treaty in assuming office, without the fulfilment of formalities which are impossible to fulfil, is venial compared with the breach, not formal but real, of which Russia is guilty. That breach will continue as long as the CZAR continues to treat Bulgaria as the legendary boroughmonger treated his borough and "sends his black footman to represent it." The so-called Prince of MINGRELIA is not black (it is necessary to mention this in a prosaic age), but he is, in every respect, a candidate whose nomination is a mere insult to Bulgaria. No doubt a little tall talk is excusable in the excitement of accession speeches; but if Prince FERDINAND is wise, and if his undertaking is something more than the adventure which Russian partisans call it, he will leave off talking and begin doing as soon as possible. He may let the Russians talk; for as long as they do nothing more he is quite safe.

The newly published Afghan Blue-book contains a rather small amount of text and a rather large amount of excellent and, in these imperfectly surveyed regions, most valuable map. Both text and map prove that the account given by Sir JAMES FERGUSSON and Lord SALISBURY of the respective concessions was quite correct, and the account given from some Russian sources impudently false. The actual extents of ground ceded in the two cases—in the one in the direction of Herat, in the other in the direction of the Oxus—are to each other as eight to seven; and, though the Afghan gain in territory is the smaller, it is the more valuable in population, revenue, and facilities for culture and occupation. The inevitable advance to Herat has, of course, been made; but of that enough has been said. To expect or hope, as some sanguine and, it may be supposed, not very well-informed persons affect to expect or hope, that we shall hear no more of the Afghan frontier, is, of course, absurd. Settlements are not conclusions; and as to a very large and important part of the Afghan frontier there is no settlement at all. Perhaps it would have been a pity to try for too much at once; but to those who believe in the validity of these settlements (we need not say that our own faith in them is by no means strong), it may seem also a pity that some understanding was not arrived at as to the debatable lands between Asiatic Russia, Bokhara, and Afghanistan on the Upper Oxus and in the Pamir. Disturbances may any day arise in these regions which now occupy most military critics even more closely than the Herat district, where keeping out Russia is past praying for. And it has to be remembered that it is not touchy English Russophobes, but Afghan and nondescript mountain tribes, who have the power of setting the heather afire here. However, it may be said that sufficient for the day is the settlement thereof; and this present settlement has at any rate given us some capital maps.

MAGISTRALITY.

WHEN the judges of the Superior Courts were paid by fees, and had a direct interest in the amount of business transacted before them—which was a long time ago—it was natural that they should do what they could to amplify their jurisdiction. When we find persons in judicial stations who are paid by fixed salaries unnecessarily prolonging the proceedings before themselves in "sensational" cases, it is difficult to attribute their conduct to any cause except personal or professional vanity.

At the hearing of the summons for perjury against the unfortunate policeman ENDACOTT before Mr. VAUGHAN on Tuesday the evidence of the witnesses against him was taken quietly and properly enough. At the end of the afternoon it was clear that upon the evidence of ELIZABETH CASS, of a man who was called for the purpose of confirming her story, and of Mrs. BOWMAN, her employer, the defendant would be committed to take his trial. Mr. WONTNER, the solicitor representing ENDACOTT, therefore asked the magistrate whether the examination should not be closed and the defendant forthwith committed. At this time Mr. VAUGHAN

had heard little or no irrelevant scandal, nor had anything been said calculated to arrest the attention of that part of the public which likes its newspaper intelligence easy to understand, and has read all about the CASS case. Mr. VAUGHAN, however, was equal to the occasion. He boldly enunciated the principle that "nearly all the evidence to be given at the trial ought to be taken now." For this he gave a reason, and the reason was "in order that the judge might be fully aware of the facts in charging the grand jury."

If Mr. VAUGHAN had merely promulgated his rule as an abstract principle, there would not have been much fault to find with it. It is undoubtedly right that the whole case for the prosecution should be laid before the magistrate, so that the prisoner may know what the charge is which he has to meet. But Mr. VAUGHAN made it impossible to put this construction on his doctrine by the astonishing reason he gave for it. What can the judge possibly want to know, in order to charge the grand jury, except enough to make out a *prima facie* case of guilt, upon which the case may properly be submitted to a petit jury? The one purpose for which grand juries are practically useful nowadays is to throw out the bills in cases where the magistrates have acted with undue precipitation. In ENDACOTT's case it was clear, by the admission of his solicitor, that the case would have to go before a jury. We all know that the matter has been gone into in order to give satisfaction to "the public." After what has passed, that object cannot possibly be attained without a trial by a judge and jury. If the absolute contradiction of ENDACOTT by the prosecutrix and her witnesses does not satisfy the grand jury that he ought to be tried, nothing will. What more can be forthcoming, except irrelevant gossip entertaining to the baser sort of newspaper readers, and more or less injurious to the accused man? If the defendant wanted to produce evidence, it would be but justice to let him do so; but in this case it is clear that he did not, and therefore it is impossible to surmise what further evidence the magistrate requires which ought to be laid before him.

The scandal of prolonged inquiry into irrelevant topics of prejudice at preliminary investigations was exemplified once for all in the disgraceful proceedings at the inquest held some years ago touching the death of Mr. BRAVO, and again more recently in what was known as the Hounslow case. On each of these occasions the abuse of cross-examination was carried to a pitch which it would hardly be possible to exceed. An inquiry before a coroner or a magistrate ought to be strictly limited to the one point which can be definitely decided there—namely, whether the circumstances require that persons suspected or accused of crime should be tried or not. Nothing is gained by threshing out before a Court equally incompetent to decide finally on the case and to keep inquiry within proper bounds the whole of the details in a case which has to be tried subsequently. Such a process appears to be what Mr. VAUGHAN hankers after, and it becomes necessary to remind him that his duty is not to amuse a scandal-loving public, or unduly to prejudge the cases brought before him, but merely to decide whether there ought to be a trial or not.

NAVAL AFFAIRS.

THE official Report on the naval manœuvres will not do much to modify the generally expressed opinion on these imitations of war. It is better reading than the unofficial descriptions, because it is under no necessity to be either funny or picturesque, but keeps prosaically to the facts. To some extent it even relieves the manœuvres from part of the charge of being mere "tomfoolery" by showing that the Admiralty did not try to get up an experimental naval war in all its details, but only to see what might be expected to happen if two or three hostile squadrons were hanging loose round our coast to see what they could burn, sink, and destroy. Since the object of the manœuvres was strictly limited, it follows that the Admiralty having so made up its mind, they could not be general. Why the Admiralty made its mind up in that particular way is another question. This limited problem might have been worked out in any year by the Channel and Reserve or the Channel and Mediterranean Squadrons. The Admiralty will not have another such chance of ordering general manœuvres on a great scale. It is not probable that another

fleet of a hundred and twenty sail (if that traditional description may be now properly used) will again be collected at Spithead. The opportunity has gone, and can hardly be expected to occur again. It is, unfortunately, also very doubtful whether what was actually done was done properly. Shams there must be in all manœuvres. There are conventions, and much is taken for granted even in the boasted German rehearsals of war; but then, too, there are degrees. In these naval manœuvres make-believe has confessedly been carried beyond the degree at which it ceases to be permissible. The Admiralty says as much in its comment on Admiral FREMANTLE's passage of the Straits of Dover. "The reports," it says, "as to the success or otherwise of these attacks [i.e. the attacks of Captain LONG's "Dover squadron] are very conflicting, the ironclads being assured that the boats were long under fire before firing their torpedoes, while the torpedo-boats quote instances in which their opportunities may be considered to have been good. Looking to the facility with which it is possible to miss a small object even in the daytime [the facility with which it is possible to miss is good], it would seem quite within the bounds of possibility that one of these attacks might have been successful. This being the case, it is a doubtful point whether any admiral would in war-time attempt to pass the Straits at night without nets in the face of a torpedo flotilla, and, if nets are carried, it is to be remembered that the speed would have been reduced to about five knots in order that the protection should be effective." In fact, Admiral FREMANTLE's action off Dover cannot be shown to be at all like the real thing, and if he had taken a certain precaution, which would probably not be neglected in real war, his speed would have been so reduced that Admiral HEWETT might have caught him up in the middle of it, and would certainly have been on him before the Nore was reached. But in that case what becomes of Admiral FREMANTLE's proof that a foreign squadron could rush the mouth of the Thames?

There is unquestionably one respect in which these operations have been a reality. They have been distinctly genuine as a test of the cruising power of our ships. Vessels cannot be kept steaming at full speed, or indeed at any speed, for days together without showing what number of knots an hour they can be trusted to do, and what their engines are worth. The reports of the flag officers on the performances of the vessels in their squadrons are decidedly instructive. Unluckily they are by no means uniformly favourable. There is one point in which the experiences of all the squadrons—except, as we are at present advised, Commodore MARKHAM's—agreed, and it is that they were all more or less hampered by the little speed or crazy machinery of some of their ships. Admiral FREMANTLE found the *Black Prince* and *Iron Duke* a couple of drags. They hung back so, that he had finally to tell them to shift for themselves, and come along behind him as best they could. In war that would mean that he left them to be snapped up by Admiral HEWETT, pretty much as the Duke of MEDINA SIDONIA left Don PEDRO DE VALDES to the tender mercies of DRAKE. It was not thought magnanimous of the Duke, and Don PEDRO in particular was loud on the subject. Admiral HEWETT himself lost the *Inflexible* and *Collingwood* for a time, because their lady-like engines were disordered by flurry. The *Collingwood* was thirty-six miles astern when the enemy was caught at the Nore. Considering the speed she could make, this would mean that it would have taken her three hours and a half to get into action. Of course in the real game it might have been most unpleasant for the enemy to have the *Collingwood* drop in on them fresh and fasting after a tough action; but still it is not a merit in a war-ship to be thirty-six miles behind by her own fault when battles are coming off. The *Collingwood* is to relieve the *Thunderer* on the Mediterranean station. Before she goes, it is to be hoped that her engines will be put into a sounder state, otherwise she may be thirty-six miles behind again if that disturbance of the peace of Europe which has been hanging fire for long, like the late thunder-storms, does also burst suddenly. In the Irish Sea the squadrons of Admiral BAIRD and Commodore FITZROY had very similar experiences. The Admiral was much delayed by the *Belleisle*, and the Commodore by the *Shannon* and *Rupert*. Indeed, Commodore FITZROY's squadron was caught up and captured mainly because he had to keep his swifter vessels back to protect the slower from capture. Now, of course, this is no new thing in the history of naval war. Many admirals of all nations have been detained, sometimes to their ruin, by the slow sailing of some of their line-of-battle ships. But

the fact that a misfortune is an old one is no reason why it is not dangerous, or why it ought not to be avoided. Manifest inability to go ten knots puts an ironclad in the second, if not a lower, rank as a fighting ship. Breakdowns of the *Inflexible* and *Collingwood* kind were far too common. "On the 1st inst.," at the very go off, that is, the *Mohawk*—a very fierce-looking craft she seemed at Spithead—had to be sent into port as useless because her port engine had broken down and could not be repaired at sea. On the same day the starboard engine of the *Amphion* broke down temporarily, thereby reducing this fast cruiser to the modest speed of ten knots for the time being. Then her port engine tried to follow suit, and did stop her for an hour, because "the under-water valve in connexion with "supply to main fire-engine was broken, and the hole had "to be plugged by a diver." The *Curlew's* boilers all went to fiddle-strings in the racket, and she had to be handed over to the dockyard people at Sheerness for a thorough refit. Quite a little handful of torpedo-boats had to go running into port for what the art-critic called the comfort of their interiors. The Admiralty report narrates these incidents in a purely historic way, without comment or excuse, just as if it thought none were needed. Is it to be taken for granted that holes in tubes, defects in valves, and derangements of piston packing are mere matters of course, and just what the British admiral may expect to happen on batches of his ships at a time when he is ordered to sea to fight the French? Are these lets and hindrances inevitable as well as innumerable? Are they avoidable, but due to the haste with which a great fleet was commissioned for a festive occasion? We should like to hear the maturely-considered opinion of the Admiralty on the subject; and, supposing this last to be the explanation they prefer, we should further be so superfluous as to ask how much time My Lords think they would be allowed to get the fleet ready for war? and, finally, how long they think an enemy with the intellect of a moderate-sized rabbit would leave them at leisure to discover and correct the defects they had overlooked in peace?

A better thing even than an honest expression of the Admiralty's opinion would be a statement from Captain PENROSE FITZGERALD of his experiences during his cruise on board the *Impérieuse*. The Captain knows what naval affairs are, and has the rare merit of being able to see more sides of a thing than one. If anything he may have to say is half as sensible and as amusing as a letter to the *Times* which he has found occasion to write since landing from the *Impérieuse*, it will be excellent reading. Captain FITZGERALD found when he got ashore that while he was away Mr. BURDETT had fallen foul of him, also in a letter to the *Times*, written with Mr. BURDETT's usual logic and urbanity. Being one of those earnest persons who are far too ardently virtuous to be fair, Mr. BURDETT had fallen on the Captain for not concluding, as he should have done, that because better administration is needed at the Admiralty, therefore all honest men should scream ditto to Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL and join the race of scolders at large. When Mr. BURDETT read his *Times* on Wednesday, he must have discovered that he had chosen a very hard place to fall on. The Captain dismisses all his scolding, if not in the actual words of the White Devil of Italy, at least in her admirable spirit. This is quite the proper way to treat the virtuous scold. Having adequately criticized Mr. BURDETT's manner, Captain FITZGERALD summarily disposed of the matter of his charge. The Captain had been accused of inconsistency because he at once expressed an opinion that the *Impérieuse* may be a good vessel, and had previously declared that the *Aurora* was a mere travesty of what her builders had promised she should be. This was the foundation of all Mr. BURDETT's scolding. To which Captain FITZGERALD answers, in his neat, workmanlike way, that the *Impérieuse* and the *Aurora* are vessels of different classes; that the first has a belt above, the second a belt below, the water-line; and, therefore, that an officer who thinks protective belts good things may honestly accept the first and condemn the second. The kind of foaming attack made on Captain FITZGERALD is far too common. Every screamer who chooses to assert that his intentions are good thinks himself entitled to abuse and assign bad motives to all who do not agree with him, and it is a pity that all offenders do not get as adequately chastised as Mr. BURDETT.

BRUTES.

M. VICTOR CHERBULIEZ, in a very clever and rather pedantic novel, philosophizes genially on the animal in man and woman—especially woman. Magistrates, juries, and policemen in this practical country seem to take a very philosophical view of brutality in the male sex, especially when the female sex is the object of it. M. CHERBULIEZ is in his right. It is his cue to be satirically tolerant, and in his latest work he deals chiefly, if not entirely, with what Dr. JOHNSON called "the lighter vices." Our contemporary *Truth*, which, apart from politics, often contains a good deal of sense, has collected this week some evidence to support the proposition that magistrates think very little of savage violence. Magistrates, however, are not at liberty to indulge their tastes in this way. It is their business to protect the weak, and to punish severely all cases of cruelty brought before them. But this view does not seem to prevail at the Nottingham Summons Court, where JOHN SMITH was recently charged with ill-treating a cat. The wretched cat had a smashed jaw, bunged-up eyes, a broken head, and a singed back. Yet JOHN SMITH, convicted of having caused these injuries, was only fined a couple of sovereigns. The sum may have been a good deal to him. We sincerely hope that he was unable to pay it, and went to prison instead. But the cats of Nottingham deserve protection; and, if SMITH had been sent to gaol without the option of a fine, they would have received it. GEORGE BUTTERLEY, the boy who was sentenced at Grimsby to a month's hard labour for eating five oysters which did not belong to him, has since been released by Mr. MATTHEWS, at the intercession of Mr. HOWARD VINCENT. It is desirable that the First Offenders Act, which received the Royal Assent last week, should be brought under the notice of the magisterial Bench. The Act applies the sound Etonian principle of "first fault" to minor breaches of the criminal law, such as GEORGE BUTTERLEY's, and it ought to be obeyed. On the other hand, when an officer, and presumably a gentleman, threatens a toll-keeper with a horsewhip for not letting him through the gate without payment, a fine of one pound seems farcical. Such, however, was the penalty which the justices of Carmarthen lately inflicted for this offence upon Colonel LESTRANGE.

JOHN KENT, of Norwood, who is imprisoned for three months with hard labour, deserves a long term of penal servitude more than most of the convicts at Portland. KENT struck his wife thrice across the head with a hot poker, and he had committed several assaults before. Mrs. KENT gave him no provocation whatever beyond the remark that her work and the crying of the children drove her nearly mad. It is certainly difficult to understand why such an atrocious ruffian as KENT, who violates the merest natural instinct as well as the most elementary principles of society, should be allowed to escape with anything short of the highest punishment in the power of the Bench to inflict. The law has placed the property of a married woman absolutely at her own disposal, and, theoretically, out of her husband's reach. Unfortunately some of the law's administrators continue to behave as if they considered a wife to be herself the property of her husband. JOHN KENT and his like hold that doctrine as the most cherished article of their meagre creed. But their delusion cannot be too thoroughly or too rudely dispelled. It seems to have been shared by the jury which acquitted DAVID LEWIS at the late Liverpool Assizes. LEWIS was a collier who, according to the evidence for the prosecution, bit his wife's finger to the bone, and then belaboured her on the head with a lump of coal. The jury may, of course, have disbelieved these statements, though they do not appear to have been contradicted. It is, unhappily, more probable that twelve inhabitants of Liverpool saw nothing worse in LEWIS's conduct than a determination to maintain domestic discipline. Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, who is showing himself a very vigilant and efficient police-magistrate, censured the other day with great, but only due, severity the shocking inhumanity of a constable. This man, whose name is DICKINSON, was called to take a woman into custody. He found her lying on the pavement outside a public-house badly hurt, and also a good deal the worse for liquor. How she came by her injuries is a question still under investigation. But DICKINSON took her off to the station without even sending for a doctor; and, as Mr. WILLIAMS says, "Because men or women are drunk, that "is no reason why they should be treated like brutes."

MR. GLADSTONE ON A BRIDGE AND A TUNNEL.

EVERYTHING that Mr. GLADSTONE does possesses in some form or other the charm of the unexpected. This is partly due to his habit of surpassing himself; for that is a feat which no one can be expected to perform often, and which naturally becomes more difficult after each successive performance. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, when he gives his mind to it, as he is constantly doing, never fails to perform it. His speech at the ceremony of laying the first cylinder of the new railway bridge over the Dee last Tuesday was pre-eminently a case in point. Mr. GLADSTONE has made many speeches on non-political occasions—many speeches on occasions which tempt, and indeed compel, the speaker to enlarge on such matters as industrial progress, mechanical enterprise, and so forth; and it might have been thought that here, at any rate, it would be possible for any one tolerably familiar with his oratory to write his speech for him—of course in fewer words, but without any omission of material points. It is even within the bounds of possibility that a bold and lucky guesser, recollecting former deliverances of Mr. GLADSTONE on the subject of pure milk, might have anticipated his remarks on the connexion between railway enterprise and the health of the nursery. Many of us know when to expect domestic references of that sort, and why they are introduced. They are intended to add a touch to Mr. GLADSTONE's well-known portrait "by the artist," his presentment of himself to the people as a statesman whose simplicity is as striking as his greatness, an illustrious orator and "leader of men," who is ready at a moment's notice to descend from the heights of high politics to discourse upon such humble matters as milk and jam. It is all part of the same system of elaborate histrionics, to which belongs the "great attraction" of the readings from the lectern in Hawarden Church, and those performances with the axe which the distinguished woodman goes through with such admirably feigned unconsciousness of the fact that a crowd of gaping idlers are waiting to scramble for his chips.

Equally easy of anticipation was the opening portion of Mr. GLADSTONE's after-luncheon speech on the occasion with which we are dealing. It was eminently characteristic of him to preface his remarks on the construction of a new railway by a retrospective survey of the "times of war and bloodshed, when the only way in which England could manage Wales was by building a circle of strong castles round it." We have, indeed, had these castles before, and we suppose we may always look for their re-erection whenever Mr. GLADSTONE's "nationality" stop is on, which it is whenever he sees an opportunity of putting in a word for his Separatist policy. His hearers, however, on Tuesday last had reason to be thankful that he did not take them back to some geological period, before the Dee and the Severn poured their *fluctus dissociabiles* between England and Wales to its north and south. *Passons au déluge* is a remonstrance which may at any time have to be addressed to Mr. GLADSTONE in the full flow of his oratory, and even though the nominal subject of his discourse may be as modern as the day before yesterday. All these parts of Mr. GLADSTONE's late speech belong to the more or less calculable elements of his oratorical conduct. It was not till his observations were drawing to a close that the inevitable ingredient of the unexpected made its appearance; and the head-and-shoulders fashion in which it was dragged in showed how thoroughly premeditated was its introduction. Sir EDWARD WATKIN is the Chairman of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company. He is also Chairman of the South-Eastern. There is a river called the Dee, which forms the northern boundary of Wales. There is another body of water called the sea, which forms the southern boundary of England. Sir EDWARD WATKIN desires and has obtained permission to throw a bridge over the one; he desires, but has not obtained permission, to construct a tunnel under the other. The former of the two objects compared is in the same Principality as Monmouth, and the comparison which it suggests has apparently impressed Mr. GLADSTONE as much as a better-known coincidence impressed FLUELLEN. "Sir EDWARD WATKIN," he said, "is one of those men who are wicked enough to desire that a tunnel should be constructed under the Channel to France. What is truly painful to me is that I am compelled to confess before you, and I do it publicly, that I am one of those who are wicked enough to agree with him." So there, gentlemen;

there is a little surprise for you. There is something to take home with you from luncheon; the announcement that the most foolish, most corrupt (if it be corruption for a company of commercial adventurers to endeavour to swell their dividends by a sale of the national safety), and most unpopular project which has been broached in modern times has obtained the approval of a man who has been thrice Prime Minister of England, and is now straining every nerve to achieve that position for the fourth time.

That this declaration was a success in surprises—a good hit in the way of unexpectedness—is evidenced by the consternation into which it has thrown Mr. GLADSTONE's followers. They have been quite comically disturbed by the cruel suggestion that he is bidding for the railway vote, and that, in pursuit of it, the separation of England from France has gone as lightly overboard as the Union of Great Britain with Ireland. One of his supporters in the press immediately hastened to explain away his words by interpreting them as implying no more than an abstract, an academical, a theoretical, approval of a Channel Tunnel—such an approval, in fact, as might be quite consistent with a recognition of the fact that the liability to "scares," which the construction of such a tunnel would create, must always constitute an insuperable objection to it from the practical point of view. Unfortunately, however, for the explanation, it does not appear to have commended itself to other spokesmen of the Gladstonian party. The apologists conspicuously "sever in their defences"; and the latest of them contends, not that Mr. GLADSTONE meant practically nothing by his approval of the Channel Tunnel project, but that, though he really does approve of it, he has done so for some years past, however he may have dissembled his love. This singular and most dishonouring apology either for his speech or his silence is supported as follows:—Sir EDWARD WATKIN, we are reminded, informed the House in 1885 that he knew Mr. GLADSTONE's private opinion was favourable to the scheme, and added that, if he would be good enough to say that he was still in its favour, he (Sir EDWARD) would, considering the nearness of the dissolution of Parliament, withdraw the motion for the second reading of his Channel Tunnel (Experimental Works) Bill. The motion for the second reading of the Bill was not withdrawn, but was put and negatived; *ergo* Mr. GLADSTONE did not say that he was "still in favour, as he used to be," of a Channel Tunnel; *ergo*, reasons the Gladstonian apologist, he *was* in favour of it, as he used to be. That is the argument in all its unashamed simplicity, and we must repeat that it is the argument of the Gladstonian apologists, and not ours. We have sometimes been accused of saying hard things of this eminent person; but we have never contrived, and should shrink from attempting, to compress into a single sentence so much concentrated malice as envenoms the proposition that "it is a conclusive proof of Mr. GLADSTONE's holding a particular opinion that he refuses to admit it." Having proceeded thus prosperously so far with his defence, the advocate goes on to complain bitterly of those who have talked of a "change of front" in connexion with the matter, and have asserted that, when Mr. GLADSTONE was in power, nothing was heard of his opinion in favour of the Channel Tunnel. But the incident which this "subtle doctor" has himself just quoted records the very fact that "nothing was heard" to this effect from the only authoritative quarter while Mr. GLADSTONE was in office. Something was heard from Sir EDWARD WATKIN—namely, an earnest appeal to the then Prime Minister to avow an opinion there and then attributed to him—and the fact that the appeal remained unanswered is unmistakable to all who know Mr. GLADSTONE's ways. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who replied on behalf of the Government, stated that they had determined to put their private opinions aside, and to accept the decision of a Committee of both Houses. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, however, did not conceal his own opinion adverse to the project; why should the then Prime Minister have concealed his favourable one? The answer is implied in the very words "then Prime Minister." Mr. GLADSTONE, when in office in 1885, was no more a Unionist as regards England and France than he was a Separatist as regards Great Britain and Ireland. We are quite ready, however, to admit that neither was he respectively the reverse of these things—a Separatist in the one case and a Unionist in the other—in any sense worth the trouble of mentioning. In each case he was waiting till he should find his account in declaring himself of one opinion or the other. We know how and

where he found his account in pronouncing for the dismemberment of his own country. Perhaps we shall some day know why he now pronounces in favour of uniting it with that of the foreigner.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

THERE is, or was, a species of permanent Committee which proposed to try to get Trafalgar Square kept clear of rabble. If that body is still in existence it ought to be in no want of illustrations for its arguments. But it has probably dissolved itself long ago in sheer despair of ever succeeding in inducing official persons to do anything to relieve the public from a nuisance. If the Committee has put an end to itself on this ground it cannot be severely blamed, for indeed the hopelessness of trying to persuade politicians to do anything likely to make themselves unpopular with a clamorous body of voters anywhere, in order to protect merely respectable people, is patent. As it is, Trafalgar Square, after enjoying a respite, probably due to the dull season, has again become the parade ground of the S. D. F. It has had another meeting. If all reports are true, it has further succeeded to the inheritance of the old Adelphi Arches. A Mr. OPPENHEIM has written to the *Times* to declare that the Square is nightly infested with tramps of all sexes and ages, who are allowed to bivouac in it freely. He describes the scene with some vehemence, and, if his details are to be accepted, we can quite believe that the Square presents after dark a "horrible aspect, which is a perfect outrage upon decency." This is strong language, but not too strong if Mr. OPPENHEIM's facts are sound. We have no evidence that he is exaggerating, and there is one statement in his letter which lends it undoubted authority. The police, he says, "profess to have instructions not to interfere." Now the police seem uniformly to have had instructions not to interfere with any kind of rabblement in Trafalgar Square, and that having been the case in the past, it is consistent with probability that it should be the case in the present.

As for the fact that Trafalgar Square showed, if not a horrible, yet a decidedly disorderly aspect last Sunday, it is beyond question. The Social Democrats met there, and listened to the usual oratory, from the usual kind of orator. In addition they had the advantage of hearing a letter from no less a person than Mr. MICHAEL DAVITT. The letter contained a statement to which we are not prepared to make any serious objection, although it was, for some mysterious reason, received with enthusiasm by the Social Democrats. "Mr. WILLIAMS," it ran, "and those of his comrades who have been imprisoned for addressing meetings in the parks and elsewhere, have a better constitutional right to advocate Socialist doctrines in England than Lord SALISBURY has to put in practice the doctrine of the burglar and the incendiary in 'Bodyke and Glenbeigh.'" Putting aside the little slip in matter of fact as to the cause of Mr. WILLIAMS's imprisonment, and dropping the question of degree as unimportant, we think this is essentially sound doctrine. A man has just as good a constitutional right to make himself a blatant nuisance in public places as he has to be an incendiary or a burglar. What strikes us as curious is the hearty reception given to this pronouncement by the Socialists. We do not see how it helps them, for the deduction is so obvious. Of course on DAVITT's principle the committing of oratorical nuisances in public places ought to be as rigidly forbidden as arson or burglary. That is precisely what we want to see done, and when it is, there will be an end of Socialist processions—thirteen in number—collecting in all quarters, and marching down to Trafalgar Square on Sunday afternoons, and of "three 'separate meetings,' blocking up the open space while they listen to fluent and abusive nonsense from agitators. What is not less mysterious than the Socialist approval of Mr. DAVITT is the tolerance of the authorities—so-called. There is a Board of Works, supposed to have power to protect national property and to be bound to do it. There is a Home Secretary—the Socialists say he has "the qualities of 'an Old Bailey lawyer' and 'the manners of a society fop'—who can, if he likes, set the law in motion. Neither one nor the other does anything. They sit quietly there, and let the nuisance go on. It really does not matter what the Socialists collect to say, whether it is blatant threats or mere abuse. The reason for compelling them to talk this sort of thing in their own rooms is that, when

they do it in public, they are an obstruction and a nuisance. Nobody asks for the establishment of a Spanish Inquisition to suppress political heresy, but only that the police should be authorized to keep order in the streets. It is a modest request, and one which it is rather strange we should have to make at all; but apparently it is beyond the courage of our rulers to grant it.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN IRELAND.

HE who creates an industry is called—and justly called—a benefactor of his kind, even when, as is commonly the case, his creation is, after all, an outcome of personal ambition and the desire of profit. It is nobler work, perhaps, to save an industry from perishing, and that from no other motive than to benefit a class, and for no higher reward than the pleasure of doing good. This, for eight or nine years past, is what the Baroness BURDETT-COUTTS—always first in good deeds—has been trying to do for the fishermen of the southern coast of Ireland; and so far her endeavour has been crowned with extraordinary success. She found a place of misery and desolation, and what she now beholds is a thriving and prosperous community. Her name, as every one knows, is synonymous with beneficence; but it is doubtful if she ever has laboured to better purpose than at Baltimore, in County Cork. What is not to be doubted is the splendour of her example. It is not for every one to follow, for it demands of the pursuer not only great wealth, but a singular liberality of mind. But it is certain that it cannot be too widely published.

What Lady BURDETT-COUTTS has done is simple enough. It was as late as 1879 that she began her work. In that year, at the solicitation of the Rev. CHARLES DAVIS, the parish priest of Baltimore, a place in which she had no sort of local interest, and with which she was connected by no ties of any kind, she undertook *à elle seule* to do for the Southern Irish fishermen what the Government, with certain funds at its disposal invested for this specific purpose, had, and has so far, failed in doing for their brethren. The conditions, she found, were distressing enough. There was an immense abundance of fish, and there were plenty of willing hands. But there were neither nets nor boats, and there was no money to buy any. The Irish banks, in fact, were free to all the world save the Irish themselves. Within their reach was plenty, but their poverty was such that there seemed nothing for them but to grow poorer and poorer still. The position seemed hopeless. Big boats—boats of thirty or forty tons—were needed. The cost of such craft is not less than from 400*l.* to 500*l.*, and such a sum was far beyond the reach of a Baltimore fisherman. Lady BURDETT-COUTTS solved the difficulty by advancing some hundreds of pounds, without interest and without security, and to be repaid by annual instalments, to every man who could prove himself worthy of trust. The boat-builders, for their part, agreed to take yearly payments for the balance, and the result was that a fleet was built and launched, whose operations, as we have said, have converted a scene of ruin and desolation into a centre of trade and a place of order and prosperity. It is understood that, save in bad seasons, when the offer of remission has come from the other side, the instalments have been punctually paid; and it was but the other day that, as if the fishery were not enough, there was opened in Baltimore a sort of piscatorial university—an industrial school at which every sort of handiwork connected with the pursuit of the fisherman's craft—curing, building, netting, line-spinning, cooping, and so forth—will be taught, and to which pupils from all parts of Ireland will be made welcome. This institution will soon, it is hoped, be self-supporting. For the present it is dependent upon external aid; and it is understood that the Government—which has already allocated a sum of 5,000*l.* for its construction and endowment—will make it the recipient of a yearly grant. This, however, is by the way. What is just now to be noted is that the school—which the late Sir JOHN LENTAGNE hoped to see develop into "the greatest centre of industry in Ireland"—is a direct and immediate result of Lady BURDETT-COUTTS's interference with the misery of the Baltimore fishermen. Had she not listened when help was asked of her, the industry must of necessity have died out, and without the industry there could have been no thought of the school; so that without the industry the school could never have been. Thus one good work entails another. In taking Mr. DAVIS's word

for it—that the men of his congregation were worth trusting—Lady BURDETT-COURTIS originated a series of acts of beneficence whose end it is impossible to foresee, and whose operation, with ordinary good fortune, should result in the welfare and the elevation of many thousands of women and men.

So much remains to do that the Baroness's work in County Cork, admirable as it is, appears but a beginning. All round the Irish coast, we are told, the fishing industry is more or less as it used to be in Baltimore. The Irish Commissioners of Works have at command a large sum from the surplus of the subscriptions of 1822; but the distribution is managed, according to the *Times*, in a way that simply clamours for correction. This, no doubt, will be presently applied. But it must not be supposed that the difficulties of the Irish fisherman will vanish at the production of the wherewithal for him to ply his trade. The want of curing-houses and of railways and roads is not less pressing than the lack of boats and nets; while the ignorance and indifference of the people themselves are more depressing features in the case than any. Whoever desires, indeed, to emulate the noble example set by Lady BURDETT-COURTIS has his work cut out for him; and, whether his contribution be in money or time—whether he give of his substance or of his energy and his brains—he can hardly get to work too soon.

THE PARNELLITES AND THE LAND BILL.

AFTER an obstinate, and, so far as the merits of the dispute are concerned, a quite unnecessary struggle, the Government have succeeded in forcing the Land Bill through the unexpected obstacles which at the last moment arose on its path. They have accepted the two most important amendments introduced into the Bill in the Upper House, and have with no little difficulty procured their acceptance by the House of Commons. We remarked at the time when these amendments first came down from the Lords that they ought not to give rise to any lengthened discussion in the House of Commons. Nor would they have done so (except, of course, in that quarter in which discussion is principally valued as a means of obstruction) had it not been for the unfortunate countenance given by a certain section of the Liberal Unionists to the interested protests by the Parnellites against the changes in the Bill. All respect is doubtless due to the motives which impelled Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to separate himself from his leader, and to vote against the Government in the divisions of last Thursday night, but it is impossible to pay a similar tribute to his reasons. We could have hoped that his detachment from that party, half ignorant of, half contemptuous of, the Constitution, with whom he formerly acted might by this time have enabled the member for West Birmingham to take a more statesmanlike and rational view of the situation between the two Houses of the Legislature than was formerly usual with him. His speech, however, on the Lords' amendment to the Town Parks Clause was quite in his earlier and worse manner, and indeed might have been delivered by Mr. LABOUCHERE in his half-serious, or by Mr. CONYBEARE in his wholly bumptious, manner without striking anybody as being out of character. On the intrinsic merits of the amendment in question we need not enter here. Whether accepted or rejected, it is utterly unworthy of the factious fuss made about it below the gangway. Whether a few more small tradesmen and other non-agricultural persons, or a few less, are enabled by the Legislature to appropriate benefits intended for the benefit, and professedly only for the needs, of the Irish cultivator, is really a point of mighty little importance. Indeed, it is one on which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN declared that he and, he believed, many of his Liberal-Unionist associates had an "open mind." They were only converted to the policy of extending these privileges to the persons aforesaid by the fact of the Government's having accepted the proposal, and now Mr. CHAMBERLAIN protests against amendments, which had been accepted by them in the Lower House as "the basis of a compromise," being thrown over in another place with the consent of the same Government.

This view of what constitutes a "compromise" of dispute on a measure which had already been discussed in one branch of the Legislature, would have surprised us less in the same quarter a year or two ago. But Mr. CHAMBERLAIN stated it last Thursday night in even more emphatic terms. He admitted that the merits of the

Town Parks Amendment ought not to be decided by the decision of the Commons upon it; but the question was "whether, having decided in a certain way, after "full discussion, with the consent of the Government, "in that House, they were now to change their course "because it had pleased certain noble lords in another place "to destroy their work"? Will Mr. CHAMBERLAIN be good enough to substitute the House of Lords for the House of Commons, and then to apply it *mutatis mutandis* to those clauses dealing with rating and with the Court of Appeal which were in the Bill when it first came down from the Upper House, but which were struck out in the Commons? These, too, were matters which were "decided in a certain "way, after full discussion, with the consent of the Government," by the House of Lords; and when the Bill came back to them the other day, any peer would have been perfectly entitled to ask, with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, whether they "were now to change their course because it had "pleased certain commoners in another place to destroy "their work"? No peer, however, has asked that question. The Commons maintain the excision of these clauses, and the Lords are expected to acquiesce in their refusal to reinstate them. Yet Mr. CHAMBERLAIN thinks it monstrous that they on their part should expect the Commons to acquiesce in the rejection of proposals with reference to Town Parks by the House of Lords. And he supports the perverse and arbitrary view of the Lords' action by an appeal to—of all things in the world—the principle of compromise! There is to be no give-and-take between the two branches of the Legislature because there has been a give-and-take between the majority and the minority in one of its branches. This theory would be intelligible in the mouth of one of those politicians who hold that the Upper House—a Chamber containing the bulk of the legislative ability of the country—only exists to take its orders from vanity, folly, and intolerance in the House of Commons, and that, from the nature of the case, therefore, it cannot possibly be admitted to negotiate with the other branch of the Legislature on equal terms. But we had thought that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, at any rate, had unlearned these crude notions of his political youth.

Mr. BALFOUR of course put the matter on its true footing in urging the House of Commons to assent to the amendment as a term of a compromise, in which the Lords have certainly shown no unwillingness to make concessions. The amendment to the 23rd Clause no doubt raises a more important question, or at least is easily capable of being so represented, though in all probability the alteration introduced by the Lords will rather affect the theory of the Land Commissioners' decisions than modify them much in practice. On the economical aspect of the amendment Mr. BALFOUR's very able speech delivered towards the close of the debate on Thursday night appears to us conclusive. But here again the question of the Lords' amendment might fairly claim consideration, not on its intrinsic merits, but in its character as a term of the arrangement between the two Houses. It must be recollected that the 23rd Clause was introduced in the Commons in the most direct oppugnancy to the decision of the Upper House on the question to which it relates. The Lords had emphatically refused to touch the question of judicial rents; the Government, under the combined pressure of allies and opponents, consented to take this step in the Lower House. Constitutionally speaking, no one could have complained if the Lords had struck out the clause introduced by the Commons, and thus in all probability compelled the abandonment of the Bill. They did not do so, but accepted the clause with modifications, and these modifications are necessarily, therefore, entitled to something more than fair consideration at the hands of the Commons. As a matter of fact, however, they do not require so much as this; for it is the simple fact, as has been again and again insisted by the Government, that the Lords' amendment is merely explanatory of the clause as it originally stood. Let those who, like Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, now pretend that they asked for anything more than a revision of rent in strict accordance with prices, look back to their former speeches. Nobody says that such a revision will fix a true "produce "rent," but who ever asked for a produce rent in the strict sense of the phrase? What was clamoured for by the Irish party and their English allies was a revision of rents, wholly and in consequence of, and having sole regard to, the fall in prices; and that is secured to them under the Lords' amendment.

The meaning, however, of the malcontent attitude of the

Parnellites on the question was sufficiently disclosed, if it was not patent already, in their leader's speech. Mr. PARNELL and his party are bound to find the Land Bill insufficient on some pretext or other, in order that they may have an excuse for prosecuting their agitation in Ireland. The ominous threat of the member for Cork that the effect of the Lords' amendment to the Bill would be to drive the tenant into a "more extensive and formidable Plan of Campaign" must not be lost sight of by the Government. Forewarned is forearmed; and, after this speech of Mr. PARNELL's, their responsibility will be increased tenfold if they do not now recognize that the lawless resistance with which they are openly menaced must be combated not by words, but by deeds.

THE FIRE AT WHITELEY'S.

THE inquest on the four men who are known to have been killed by the fire at Mr. WHITELEY'S shop has practically come to an end, and its decision has been no surprise. It has in fact, though not in form, given its verdict to the effect that GILL and his three fellow-victims were killed by a fire which had been deliberately set going by somebody unknown. The evidence was amply sufficient to justify the finding of the jury. It is clear that the fire was not caused by an explosion of gas or of anything else. The whole story of the explosion seems to have had no better foundation than the loose language of some casual spectator who heard one of those sudden increases in the noise made by fire which are common enough when the flames burst through a floor or partition. Colonel MAJENDIE's arguments may be accepted as conclusive. The general drift of the evidence does, as the jury said, go to show that the fire was deliberately kindled; and, as this is the case, they were very well justified in adding the rider—"That, in the interest of the public safety, no stone should be left unturned that is likely to lead to a solution of the mystery, and that the circumstances of the case call for a Government inquiry of the most searching character." The grammar of the jury is not above suspicion, and its metaphor is incomplete, but its meaning is clear and, withal, acceptable.

While the "Government inquiry," by which it is to be understood, no doubt, the effort of the Criminal Investigation Department to get at the truth, is going on, aided by the charm which the chance of winning at least a part of 3,000*l.* is likely to exercise on the mind of some at least of the supposed incendiaries, the crime (supposing that there really has been a crime) is likely to attract more than a little attention. It would be hard to name any more callously wicked offence than the deliberate firing of these premises. Explanations and excuses will, of course, be forthcoming. But what has happened, stated in sane language, is that several hundred persons have been thrown out of employment, many have been put into danger, and four have been killed, who can none of them have given the incendiary any offence. Not only that, but a whole district of London was threatened with danger. From this point of view the matter is certainly one of the utmost importance. It is not to be forgotten that this is the fifth, or even the seventh, fire which has happened in Mr. WHITELEY'S shops; that if it is the work of an incendiary, the others were so too, at least in some cases, seems an inevitable deduction. If it has any foundation, it follows that an important district has been threatened and occasionally damaged either by some one successful criminal or by a succession of criminals. Taken by itself this is serious enough; but there is an even more serious aspect to the matter. Nothing is better proved in the history of crimes than that one criminal makes many. Once let it be generally acknowledged that the Universal Provider has been burnt out, and we may expect to hear of many more serious fires in big establishments. There are always shopmen and shopwomen who have, or think they have, cause to complain of their employers; and some of them will be imitative enough or unscrupulous enough to follow the example set them in Queen's Road. The finding of the jury, informal as it is, will be everywhere accepted as putting it beyond question that there has been arson. For that reason, if for no other, a very rigid inquiry is necessary. It ought not to be difficult for an efficient detective police to arrive at the truth—either to prove that there has been no arson or to find the offender. The fire must have

been caused by somebody who had easy access to that part of the building in which it broke out. All the hands of a complicated establishment such as Mr. WHITELEY'S have not equally easy access to all parts of the building. The offence must have been committed, if it has been committed, by one of a limited number of persons. With proper zeal and intelligence in the inquiry, it ought not to be very difficult for a smart detective department either to pick out the criminal or prove there has been no crime.

THE POLICE AND THE STREETS.

MR. MANSFIELD, of Marlborough Street, perhaps relying on the curious testimonial given him the other day by Mr. VAUGHAN, of Bow Street, has been distinguishing himself again. We had occasion to comment a fortnight ago on the gross abuse of cross-examination permitted by Mr. MANSFIELD, and Mr. VAUGHAN took the opportunity afforded him by the application for a summons against Police-constable ENDACOTT to give Mr. MANSFIELD a sort of irregular certificate for general efficiency. Mr. VAUGHAN himself has a very high reputation as a magistrate. But his attempt to throw the mantle of his respectability over an erring colleague was more generous than judicious, and it is certainly a little unfortunate that the same court should be successively presided over by the great twin brethren, Mr. MANSFIELD and Mr. NEWTON. Mr. MANSFIELD'S latest indiscretion has taken the form of interpreting, or rather extending, Sir CHARLES WARREN'S recent order. Sir CHARLES very sensibly told the police not to take charges of solicitation against women unless the complainant would appear to prosecute. This rule applies to circumstances of some delicacy the least unsatisfactory of available tests. If a man will not appear to give evidence on oath, it may be assumed that either he is bringing a false accusation, or he has not been so seriously annoyed as to make it worth while for the law to interfere on his behalf. Mr. MANSFIELD, however, is not content with this moderate and rational principle. He seems to have made up his mind that, as Mr. NEWTON has got into serious trouble for convicting an innocent girl, he, for his part, will convict nobody of solicitation, innocent or guilty. He thinks that "in these cases it would be the safer thing if the officer who took the charge merely ascertained the address of the person charged, and then left the accuser to take his remedy by taking out a summons." This, no doubt, is a very "safe" course in one sense; for it will give practical immunity to prostitutes pursuing their calling in the most obtrusive manner and in the most crowded streets. And not only in the streets. It will revive a state of things which many people not yet old can remember, when a prudent man about to cross the Green Park paid a woman half-a-crown, if he could afford it, to accompany him, as a guarantee against further molestation. But a long-suffering public may venture humbly to suggest that magistrates and policemen are not paid out of the taxes in order that they may avoid difficulties, and follow the path which leads to least inconvenience for themselves.

In the particular case which led Mr. MANSFIELD to offer these general observations, a charge brought against a dressmaker by a "negro comedian," he was doubtless right in refusing to convict. There is a good deal to be said also for the remarks made by the same magistrate on another prosecution, when he declared that the uncorroborated testimony of a private citizen might be even more dangerous to act upon than that of a policeman. But here, again, Mr. MANSFIELD exaggerated and caricatured the truth. The police are for the most part very respectable people, and by no means destitute of sense. It is a practice equally mischievous and absurd to sneer at all constables as probable liars because one of them has either made a terrible blunder or committed wilful perjury. But when Mr. MANSFIELD suggests that a constable must be impartial, whereas an ordinary prosecutor may always have reasons for wanting to put a woman out of the way, he obviously goes too far. The police are not exempt from the ordinary passions of humanity, and some relation must be established between a prostitute and an aggrieved passenger before the suspicion suggested by Mr. MANSFIELD can be justifiably entertained. The "West-End Committee" of shopkeepers express an opinion that the streets are worse than ever, and no wonder. The deplorable series of blunders committed in respect to Miss CASS have

produced, among other pleasing results, a general reluctance on the part of the police to do their duty, and a widespread indisposition among magistrates to deal with similar accusations on their merits, instead of dismissing the defendants at once without comment. The true mean is to require some independent prosecutor, and then to determine the complaint, like any other, on the evidence before the court. Sir CHARLES WARREN has been subjected to much hostile criticism because he has directed his men to abstain in future from watching disorderly houses. The question is not a pleasant one to discuss in print, though it possesses extraordinary attractions for certain minds. But the CHIEF COMMISSIONER has very good grounds for his action in the matter, and the HOME SECRETARY need not have been quite so eager to disclaim responsibility in the House of Commons. There can be no doubt that the police formerly appointed to this duty were peculiarly exposed to the temptation of taking bribes, which they did not always resist. The parochial authorities are the proper persons to move, for they may be set in motion by the ratepayers; and, if they do nothing, there is probably no great nuisance to the neighbourhood.

MOTHERS IN SOCIETY.

MOTHERS with marriageable daughters "out" feel that they have a deep responsibility, and spare no pains in trying to bring their labours to a triumphant and satisfactory end. In fact, many of them in their great desire to settle their daughters well evince more zeal than discretion, and by their want of tact show their game too plainly, with the result of producing an effect exactly opposite to that which they desire. To attempt to bring about a successful marriage is a laudable and praiseworthy effort to do their duty to their children, and if the happiness of the children is taken into consideration as well as the pecuniary greatness of the alliance, they may well be pleased with the satisfactory results of their labours, and enjoy their well-earned repose in the latter years of their life. A mother intent on the one great object of her life does not recline on a bed of roses; many weary hours have to be spent at night sitting in rooms at tropical heat, and following the example of Major Pendennis. When at last the happy moment has arrived at which the carriage has been ordered, it is very hard for them to refuse the pleadings for "one more dance" or "just half an hour more."

Besides the mere physical labour, there may be much mental anxiety; for if a mother sees that her daughter is *éprise* of a young man who is paying her a good deal of attention, but who, unfortunately, is very poor, the unhappy mother cannot but feel that this may lead to some unpleasant scenes in which she may be stigmatized as harsh and unfeeling. Then, also, she must make it her duty to know all about the young men she meets habitually, so as to encourage those whose position would make them suitable husbands for her daughters, while tactfully warning off those who have not the means for making them desirable *parties*. A real "match-making mamma" is a most interesting study; she thoroughly coaches up her daughters in their duties, she warns them against dancing and sitting out too much with younger sons, and by no means encourages them in bidding these to come to lunch or to call. Her greeting to younger sons, however charming they may be, is in marked contrast to her reception of eldest sons or men who are "their own fathers." To the latter she is all that is urbane and charming; should she not already know any of them, she seeks introductions for herself and her daughters from her hostess. These introductions are soon followed up by various invitations to dinners, theatre-parties, and water-parties, and she makes a note to bid these favoured ones down to her husband's country house in winter, or to stay with them in Scotland in the autumn. As long as she thinks there is a chance of capturing one of these, nothing is too good for them, and no expense must be spared in entertaining them. Her commonest mistake is that her zeal outruns her discretion, she showers her invitations too thickly, and the young men at once see her game, as she does not give them credit for the natural acuteness that they possess, nor does she realize that they are not fools enough to suppose that all these invitations are the result of their own merits. Perhaps she does not know how freely she and *hoc genus omne* are canvassed in smoking-rooms in country houses, and clubs in London, and that should any very young and rather obtuse man be inclined to be entrapped by her manoeuvres, he is pretty sure to get the "straight tip" from his friends, who openly avow that they see through her schemes, and unblushingly declare that they mean to enjoy the good things she is willing to lavish upon them, while they have no intention of marrying one of her daughters. It is a case of diamond-cut-diamond, and the young men are well able to take care of themselves; but it is very often a great hardship on a girl, who may really have a strong liking for a man, undisguised, and tactless manner in which the mother tries to run the man down. Many girls are so impressed by the feeling of opposition to this course of conduct that they say eldest sons are always dull and stupid, while the "detrimentals" are amusing

and clever, and, in consequence, in defiance of their mother's wishes and instructions, take every opportunity of dancing, sitting out with, and making themselves agreeable to the latter. These detrimentals naturally feel it hard that a house should be, to a great extent, taboo to them because they are poor and for fear they should steal the affections of one of the daughters, while the eligibles are far from flattered at being constantly asked because their means make them fair game. It is not very unusual to come across a mother who even goes to further lengths, and who, after a long series of invitations given and accepted, and after throwing one of her daughters constantly into the society of a man and taking every opportunity of leaving them alone together, on finding that he will not "come to the point" as she had hoped, suddenly swoops down upon him and asks him his intentions. This is a most trying ordeal for a man who is not an "old hand" and who has not plenty of *savoir faire* and brass, as the lady paints in the strongest colours the deep affection her daughter has for him, and with many tears, carefully pumped up, explains that she has been driven to this course, much against her will, by seeing her daughter's happiness imperilled, and her health injured by the uncertainty as to whether her love is returned. She then goes on to enumerate, with numerous applications of her handkerchief to her eyes, the many and manifold virtues of her daughter, her single-mindedness and affectionate disposition, and lays great stress on her tender-heartedness, telling how her heart, which has hitherto been untouched, is riven and torn with affection for, and anxiety as to the course that will be taken by, the misbehaving young man. A touch of real nature then appears as she apostrophizes him for monopolizing the society of her daughter and keeping away other men if he has no intentions, which she stigmatizes as most cruel and ungentlemanlike behaviour. If the victim does not succumb before these remonstrances, her last weapon is her husband's wrath, which she flaunts in his face and threatens him with, intimating to him that, as her mild exhortations have failed, she will have to request him to hold an interview with the outraged father. This final outburst is more likely to produce a smile than anything else, as the delinquent knows well that the last thing the father would think of doing would be to hold an interview on such a subject, and that he would rather lock himself up in his study for a fortnight than do such a thing, more especially as he is a friend of his own, and they really like one another very much. So there is nothing left for the indignant and defeated matchmaker to do, if the young man holds his ground, but to ring the bell and express a hope that he will not do her the honour of calling upon her or her daughters again, a caution which is most unnecessary, as a man would not be likely to put himself in such a position again. The more subtle mother, instead of bearding the lagging suitor herself, urges her daughter to try tears when everything else has failed to bring him to the point, and this is much more often successful, as there are but few men who can bear to see a young and pretty woman in distress without doing all that can be done to comfort and console her. When the tears come to the front his only chance is instant flight, and few men have the moral courage to seize that opportunity, which makes them appear hopelessly brutal in their behaviour, by abruptly leaving a young lady in tears.

There are a considerable number of young and "well-preserved" mothers who like going out more than their daughters do; these look upon their children as a nuisance that inevitably reveals their age to the world, and they keep them back till they are nineteen, and then bring them out, as they say, very young, barely seventeen. These mothers may often be seen dancing while their daughters are standing out without partners, and they cannot but be aware of what a ludicrous sight they present by dancing, in many cases, with men who are young enough to be their sons. It is needless to say that selfishness and vanity are the leading traits in their characters; they will not acknowledge the fact that is apparent to all the world, that they are getting on in years, and that their "frisky" days should be a thing of the past; while they exhibit their selfishness by not making it their object to get as many partners for their daughters as possible, and help them on in the world to the best of their abilities. Many marriages are made by young mothers making the men fall in love with themselves and then handing them on to their daughters, who in all probability resemble them. For it is a well-known fact that a very young man is prone to bestow his affections on a lady considerably older than himself. Some women who are really good mothers thoroughly enjoy the going out in the world, and never seem to tire of the "social treadmill." They are at it till their daughters come out, and, if they have a large family, they may continue for many years until these are all married. Even then they cannot make up their minds to give up the one object of their lives, their one great occupation; but they look out for young girls who are motherless and in want of a chaperon, as they feel that, if they had not a young and, if possible, pretty girl to take out, they would drop out of the invitation lists for balls and parties. Their one object is to die in harness, and to be constantly going out as long as health and age will permit. But a mother's "lot is not a happy one" unless her daughters are very beautiful or amusing, as there is a great scarcity of "eligible *parties*," so many men preferring "single blessedness" and their freedom, to plunging into the unknown state of matrimony, which they look upon as a complete lottery. In London they feel that it is impossible to know whether girls really care for them, for themselves, or for their money and

position, and they do not like to risk it. Another hardship in the mother's lot is the number of pretty American girls that come over here, and are successful in capturing the prizes that have been pursued so unceasingly and unsuccessfully; and undoubtedly they deserve sympathy whilst the present fashion for marrying these fair foreigners continues. The mothers in society are a most hard-working class, and may fairly claim with many others that the remuneration is small, and that the times are bad, the matrimonial trade being in a state of deep depression.

GOOSTRACISM.

IN the lost works of Herodotus (probably in that identical one in which Mr. Charles Dudley Warner read on the heights of Epipolæ the historian's narrative of the siege of Syracuse, and which has since eluded the researches of the learned) there is, if two Renaissance commentators of the greatest weight and sobriety, Eitelarrabianus Bangayensis and Buntamantellus de Gotham, may be believed, a remarkable and not elsewhere recorded account of a practice of the inhabitants of Thebes. Every now and then, when the inhabitants of that sapient city were in a more than usually Boeotian state of good nature, they held a ceremony which the commentators (surely by some mistake of the lost Greek, in which language "gostrakon" does not mean "goose" or "goose-bone") call Goostracism. On portions of the breast-bone of the wise bird, duly prepared, each Theban wrote the name of the citizen who had, in his opinion, deserved best of his country. And, if the same name occurred on a sufficient number of goosebones, they bestowed upon the citizen thus named a talent (in addition to his own) of gold every month, and crowned him with fool's parsley, and always did everything that he suggested in the councils of the State afterwards—until somebody else was goostracized, when the former person was usually put away in a barathrum (which must again be wrong, for we read of no barathrum at Thebes in extant works). And the immortal historian proceeds (at least according to Eitelarrabianus and Buntamantellus, for no one, always excepting Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, has seen the work since an early period of the Renaissance) to mention a very curious occurrence quite unlike anything told of any other place. For they say that once a distinguished citizen, one Kakistides (who is also called by some "the Gordonophont"), was walking in the market-place during one of these ceremonies, having, of course, no sort of suspicion that the talent of gold and the rest would come to him. And he met an illiterate voter, who took him into a booth and requested that he would write for him on the sacred goosebone the identical name of Kakistides. Now Kakistides (who had all the virtues) was among other things modest, and he hesitated for a moment to write his own name. But he remembered that the masses were always right, and that this particular mass must be rightest of all, inasmuch as by his tongue he evidently came from a part of Boeotia which they called dear old Orchomenus, that is to say, "the place where they dance reels." And this was the part of Boeotia dearest to Kakistides, except gallant little Thespie, where the Muses make englynion and pennillion all day. So he wrote the name without making that protest which his modesty first suggested. But, as he handed it back to the man of Orchomenus, he had the curiosity to ask why that intelligent elector (who evidently knew nothing of the person he voted for) did him that honour. Then said he, "Because I am tired of hearing Kakistides always called the Unjust." And it grieved Kakistides that men should be so wicked; but, nevertheless, he went his way and got far more than the necessary number of votes, and paid the talent of gold monthly into his bankers, and (since it pleased the people) divided the crown of fool's parsley into buttonholes and wore it constantly. But what happened to the folk of Boeotia when they proceeded to take his counsel, and whether he ever found his way to the barathrum, neither the sage of Bungay nor he of Gotham tells; for even in their day it seems that this particular MS. was imperfect. But some daring historical guessers have connected the story with the well-known destruction of Thebes at the hands of one Alexander, who came from the North.

It is hardly necessary to say that the point of this very interesting story (which, as has been remarked already, is not in the least like anything recorded by Pinnock, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Mr. Barlow, Mrs. Markham, Goldsmith, and other historians) is the curious humanity of the man of Orchomenus. To hasty judges it may seem foolish to think well of a person merely because many evil things are said of him. Yet that cynical man the student of human nature avows that it is a very human trait indeed; and the less wicked, but almost more troublesome, collector and observer of facts says that instances of it occur constantly, and that there is one very remarkable instance in the present day. Both aver that they have heard persons, not apparently inmates of or candidates for lunatic asylums, assert that they are "tired of hearing" the malefactions of certain public men exposed, that such exposure is "wearisome," and that to continue it is to risk even, as in the case of the man of Orchomenus, a gradual conversion of the vainer and lighter folk to admiration of Kakistides. This would seem a libel on the human race; but there are, as we have said, not wanting persons who aver that it is the fact.

So it comes to this, as the cynic doth say, and his friend the observer of facts doth corroborate him. Commit some not incon-

siderable—sometimes with the help of opportunity some really almost inconsiderable—fault or crime, especially, if possible, at a dead season, when there is not much to talk about or write about. Let it be for choice one of those offences—of many different kinds and varying almost infinitely in circumstances—in which a sudden and unusual temptation has been offered to passion, or to cupidity, or to anger, or to ambition, or to what not motion of the mind. Get found out in it; get condemned for it; and get the condemnation talked about. And it shall in most cases so happen that no amount of repentance, no amount of expiation, no amount of subsequent blameless and cleanly life, shall be accepted by a moral public as covering the offence. It shall stop the avenue to every professional and social distinction; it shall mar again and again the chances of happy and honourable living. Even after the details are practically forgotten, it shall be sufficient for scandal to say "Ah! that was the man who did such and such a thing many years ago, and about whom there was such a disgraceful trial, you know." And the public will not be at all tired of hearing that scandal, will not find it wearisome, will be by no means disposed to take a friendly interest in the hero of it. The said hero has committed crimes, has done actions which the law visits with punishment, or regards with disapproval, and he is punished accordingly, partly for the unforgivable sin of having been found out, and partly because the keen intelligence of that most intelligent thing the world has had the act officially labelled for it as a crime—and has no difficulty in regarding it accordingly. It may be laid down with perfect confidence and in justice to the inhabitant of dear old Orchomenus that he would most certainly not have voted for Kakistides if that Boeotian had been an ordinary criminal.

But for extraordinary criminals there is quite a different arrangement. We do not know what Kakistides had done; the texts were too imperfect. Indeed (to be exceedingly frank), we are not sure that he ever existed; and perhaps the notion of his story was only borrowed from something else by the justly named Eitelarrabianus. But most of us know somebody else of whom the fable might be narrated. Suppose a man who, entering upon political life with almost every advantage, and possessing talents probably sufficient to have counterbalanced almost every disadvantage, discovered comparatively young, that the cause to which he had attached himself was unlikely to be the winning cause, and accordingly quitted it for the cause, or causes, diametrically opposed to it. Suppose that, in the course of a long political life of that distinction which his chances and his talents entitled him, he should by turns have kicked down every ladder by which he had risen, have proved a wholly unruly and half-tracherous servant to every leader he followed, but should have found himself, with an unerring sagacity and a total indifference to means, so long as they were not strictly unlawful, almost always on the winning side, and at length its leader. Suppose that he should then have patiently set himself to attack and destroy all institutions which had thwarted and hindered him, regardless of the fact that he had himself at an earlier time professed an almost superstitious reverence for them. Let there be no flattery of the multitude too great for such a man to stoop to, no injustice and slander against the persons and the classes opposed to him too gross for him to assert or insinuate. Let him have blundered again and again into needless and disgraceful wars, only to terminate them to the greater disgrace and loss of his country by ignominious peace, compromise, or inaction. Let him have been directly responsible for and ostentatiously careless of the fate of a hero who had undertaken the forlorn hope of repairing certain of the statesman's blunders. And let him crown his career by suddenly discovering, at the evident dictate of personal convenience, that the constitutional arrangements which he had accepted for fifty years and directed with almost supreme power for the best part of twenty were based upon the vilest injustice. Let him, in consequence of that discovery, offer to break up his country and entrust great part of it to the care of men whom he had himself imprisoned, against whom he had procured the strongest Acts of Parliament known for half a century, and whom he and his agents had again and again denounced as abettors of atrocious crime.

If such a man there be, continue to describe him as he is, basing the description on his own words, on the clearest and best known facts, on the strongest arguments. And it shall go near to be thought likely that wisacres shall tell you that this continued "abuse" of the same person is fatiguing; that though it may be quite true that he will not cease from evil-doing, yet that really the public would be glad if you would cease from evil-speaking; and that, like the eminent citizen of that ancient Boeotian community, they hold that the extent, abundance, and clearness of the charges against a man make his innocence absolutely certain.

THE STATE OF THE LONDON MUSIC-HALLS.

II.

HUNGERFORD PALACE, THE METROPOLITAN, THE CANTERBURY, GATTI'S.

THE further we pursue our inquiry into the state of the London music-halls the more gloomy becomes the prospect. At the same time it is only fair to state the case of the music-hall proprietors. They are unquestionably placed in a very awkward

position. They are compelled to make all the alterations which the Board of Works calls upon them to make, but they are not allowed to make any on their own account; and indeed, if they were to do so, their licences would in all probability be withdrawn. Under these circumstances, it may be said that our complaint should lie against the Board of Works. It would, however, serve no useful purpose to hurl generalities against that irresponsible body. And as we have a public duty to perform in pointing out the true state of affairs, we shall merely continue to deal with the facts that have come to our notice.

Let us take the Hungerford Palace, near the Charing Cross underground station. Apparently it is well built, the walls are newly painted and decorated, and the appointments are rich and new. All this goes to show that the proprietor is anxious to do his best for his patrons as far as lies in his power. But what is all this paint and plaster and gilding and upholstery worth when the building itself is little better than a rifle gallery? This hall holds over a thousand persons, and there is but one entrance, which leads into Villiers Street. The entrance, at the very most, is not more than six feet wide, and it is the only means of exit from the hall. To reach the stalls, you turn out of a very small vestibule down a flight of twenty-one stairs below the level of the street, where very narrow gangways divide the reserved stalls, the stalls, and area. The long, narrow hall is subdivided by these narrow gangways.

If, as at most of the London music-halls, the Metropolitan depended on its main entrance to drain off the audience, they would have a poor chance, for it is a large hall and well patronized. This, however, is not so; and the Metropolitan can claim to be, next to the Pavilion and Canterbury, the safest music-hall that has yet come under our notice. It, however, is not beyond improvement, any more than is the Pavilion itself. In the first place let us point out the faults. The main entrance might easily be improved by removing certain useless glass doors and by creating a straight run into the hall. Small as the area is, it would be better if provided with another extra exit. The extra exit to the stalls might be useful, and might also with advantage be larger; and what is called the upper gallery would be all the better for an extra exit of its own. If these alterations were made, the Metropolitan would be nearly perfect. The extra exits are plentiful, and sufficiently large to satisfy the most captious and the most timid. There is a capital extra exit from the reserved stalls into Harrow Road on the Prompt side, and an equally good one on the opposite side into White Lion Court, and thence into the Edgware and Harrow Roads. This, with the main entrance, should suffice for the ground floor. The balcony is also well provided with a good wide staircase and special exit on the O.P. side, and there is an equally large extra exit and special door on the Prompt side. The merit of all these doors is that they are none of them locked and all open outwards. Of course there is no electric light, and oil lamps do not exist. It is to be hoped the new Company will, at any rate, provide the lamps.

The Canterbury Theatre of Varieties, in the Westminster Bridge Road, is a pleasing exception to the generality of music-halls. We do not say that its arrangements are quite so satisfactory as those of the London Pavilion, but in the main this place of amusement is comparatively safe. In the front of the house there are three parallel entrances, leading to the stalls, private boxes, and balcony. These entrances are something like eighteen feet in width, and in case of a stampede would furnish ample means of exit for those portions of the audience. The gallery, which is in Upper Marsh, a street running at right angles to the front of the house, is reached by a stone staircase, consisting of sixty-six steps. It is of reasonable, and indeed sufficient, width, and from the gallery there is an extra exit to all parts of the house. There are thirty-five steps leading to the balcony, from which there is a most satisfactory extra exit, the door of which, we were pleased to observe, was unlocked. This is a matter of such rare occurrence that we think it right to call attention to it. There are in all six exits from the Canterbury; and, bearing in mind the size of the building, these are as many as can reasonably be expected. The doors are either double and made to swing both ways, or else they open outwards only; and all the staircases are of stone. A complete system of hydrants and fire-hose is fitted to all parts of the house, and there is a fireman constantly at his post. Thus far we are able to speak favourably of the Canterbury. On the other hand, it is our duty to point out that there is a most dangerous brass barrier erected at one of the front entrances, and which in case of panic might very possibly cause the loss of many lives. Then, too, there is no electric light—at any rate, there was none alight on the evening of our visit—and there are no oil lamps.

Gatti's Music Hall in the Westminster Bridge Road is so small a place of entertainment, and is so extremely well built, that with ordinary precautions it ought to be comparatively safe. At present, however, this is far from being the case. The space between the stalls, instead of being wide, as it is at the Canterbury, is extremely cramped, and the seats remind one of those at an ancient coffee-house. There is only one balcony or gallery, which is reached by a well-built stone staircase, consisting of twenty-two steps. There are two exits from this part of the house by parallel staircases, and indeed these are all that could reasonably be expected. But the door at the bottom of one of these staircases was securely locked on the night of our visit, and a barrier was erected on its right. If the authorities were to take the trouble to visit this little music-hall, and, having done so, were to insist on the management adopting ordinary precautions, there

would be very little to complain of. To judge from the appearance of the house on the night of our visit, it must be a successful and paying property, and a little expense in the direction we have indicated might be cheerfully borne by the proprietor. It seems a great pity that a place of entertainment that ought to be absolutely safe should by carelessness or negligence be converted into a positive source of danger.

ART IN LIVERPOOL.

THE unexpected is what always happens; and that Liverpool—dingy, sooty, foggy, damp, if not dirty—should become the artistic centre of a large district, and not only the nursing-mother of many artists, but one of their best patrons, must be reckoned among those things no one could have predicted. The Walker Art Gallery on a Saturday is as crowded with the working classes as the Royal Academy with ladies in the month of June. The same people pay their pence in the evening to hear a performance on the organ in St. George's Hall, and admire that splendid architectural design between the pieces. There is in Liverpool a singular want of scenery considering the hilly nature of the site. Sheffield, Belfast, Edinburgh, and other large towns, even Glasgow, have more landscape beauty than Liverpool. Nevertheless, it would seem as if the genius which inspired Elmes hovered long about the place; and the Library, the Museum, the Reading Room, the Sessions House, the Town Hall, and many other modern buildings, attest its existence. It is greatly to be feared that in one recent and most important matter Elmes's example has been forgotten; but it remains to be seen in the course of long years to come whether the new Cathedral will be worthy of St. George's Hall or only of the ambitious failure which faces it at the railway-station. The start made when Elmes was brought in to build the Hall has been worthily followed by examples of private munificence. The Corporation votes an annual sum for objects of art, for the most part spending it in the annual exhibition. The later purchases seem to have fallen off somewhat in merit; and we cannot congratulate the committee which advised the Corporation to buy Mr. Calderon's "Ruth and Naomi," or Mr. Faed's "When the Children are Asleep." But against some poor pictures we must place Rossetti's "Dream of Dante," and the early Millais, "Lorenzo and Isabella," besides Mr. Goodall's pretty "New Light in the Harem," and Mr. Herkomer's "Eventide in the Westminster workhouse." Mr. Poynter's famous Pompeian sentinel, "Faithful unto Death," was presented in 1874. There is something disappointing in Mr. Gregory's "Weal and Woe," presented by Mr. Pictou in 1880. The story is no clearer than the composition, and the almost inharmonious colouring, where nothing but the blackness of the widow's weeds saves it, is typical of the whole design—nearly, but not, a success. Mr. Napier Hemy is better represented. His "German Birthday" is in the manner he acquired from his master, Baron Leys; but there is plenty of freedom in his "Nautical Argument," a scene in one of those old-fashioned riverside inns which used to exist at Greenwich and Gravesend, but are now so nearly extinct. The Gallery also possesses a couple of sea views by this artist. Two fine pictures are lent this year by the Corporation of Manchester—Mr. Watts's "Good Samaritan" and Mr. Poynter's "Ides of March"—as if the rival municipalities desire to stir each other up, and alternately set an example in well doing. An interesting picture in some ways is presented by Mr. Benson Rathbone, John Phillip's "Students of Salamanca," an unfinished painting, of which the Catalogue says that it shows "the bold and artistic manner in which the first stages of the work are executed." Phillip's name is misprinted in the index, and in the notice above quoted from we are informed that "the mule" is by R. Ansaell, R.A. There is no mule in the picture, and only part of a donkey's head. Some pictures by Mr. Topham, Mr. Dicksee, and Mr. Prinsep may be admired; but the few old masters, and some very third-rate Turners, might well be spared. At the Exhibition buildings at Wavertree there are two rooms devoted to pictures which may be briefly noticed here. There is nothing of great importance or value in the show; so we presume that it will not supersede the annual autumnal exhibition from which Liverpool has derived so much benefit, and in which so many Royal Academy pictures have found owners. There are at Wavertree only some two hundred works in oil and water-colour, of which very few need be named. Mrs. Benham Hay's "Florentine Procession" has not been seen in public for a good many years. There are three fine landscapes by Mr. Beattie Brown, a Scottish artist who deserves to be better known at this side of the Roman wall. Mr. C. E. Johnson's "Wye and Severn," Mr. Goodall's "Memphis," two landscapes by Mr. Parton, and Mr. Whistler's "Carlyle" are all old acquaintances. In the water-colour room some of Mr. Tristram Ellis's Egyptian views will repay close examination, especially the "Karnak" (not "Kamak," as in the Catalogue), a fine and careful study of sunset effects.

The great Mayer collection forms the backbone of the Liverpool Museum. The illuminated manuscripts and the ivories are especially rich. One little volume, a book of "Hours" in *grisaille*, will charm the most fastidious critic. The artist worked his pictures and his borders alike with a palette restricted to black and white and blue. The result is an effect almost equal to Limoges enamel. The Limoges, by the way, here exhibited is very choice,

and though the specimens are not very numerous, they are well supplemented with other work of the same class. To go over the medals, the Napoleonic relics and miniatures, the ethnological, Egyptian, Assyrian, and other exhibits, would require many weeks. One or two objects should, however, be specially noticed; such as the ancient spoon, formerly preserved at Hornby Castle, with its Lombardic date mark for 1446, which is said to have belonged to Henry VI., and has been often described; and such as the Faussett collection of Anglo-Saxon ornaments from graves in Kent. The Catalogues of the Mayer Museum are by Mr. Gatty, and are delightful to read, abounding as they do in careful description, sometimes illustrated, and in apt quotations from all kinds of writers, from Mr. Ruskin to Sir J. O. Robinson. People who only rush through Liverpool on their way to Ireland or America miss a great deal by neglecting these permanent exhibitions of art treasures, for there is no other provincial town in England so well endowed in this respect. The museum and gallery are well supplemented by the library, and all three are free.

It is very difficult to describe briefly "The Royal Jubilee Exhibition," of which the two picture saloons have been mentioned above. It contains, of course, like all Exhibitions since 1851, certain objects from which the tired visitor instinctively turns. We do not want to see "Machinery in Motion," or "Agricultural Implements," or modern "majolica." But this Exhibition has some features wholly peculiar to it. We need not pause at the "Old Lancashire Village," or at the life-saving apparatus, nor even at an imitation of the new Eddystone Lighthouse, which all seem to be immensely popular. The Colonial and Indian Courts are familiar already to the visitor from London. But the collection of implements of warfare ranges from the tiny Indian "cresse" to the 100-ton gun. The great collection of Lord Londesborough covers one whole wall. Opposite to it is that portion of the Mayer collection which consists of arms and armour; and between the two are hundreds of miscellaneous specimens, admirably arranged. A little further on are a series of views, relics, trophies, arms, and other objects relating or belonging to the successive wars which have been waged by Her Majesty's troops, including many interesting memorials of the strange life and death of General Gordon. With most of these objects we have nothing to do. The majority of the war trophies are certainly not artistic. But the ancient armour and weapons present some examples full of all the beauty which the skill of the Renaissance could confer, and others are worthy of admiration for exquisite workmanship and valuable material. We may mention as especially worthy of admiration Lord Londesborough's suit of cap-a-pie armour (829-832) comprising not only the usual vizor and beaver, breastplate and lance-rest, gauntlets, jupon, and other parts of a complete panoply, but some extra pieces seldom seen, such as a "grande garde" for tournaments, a plume holder, a circular shield, and two extra helmets. Almost all the pieces of this remarkable suit, which was formerly in the Bernal Collection, are ornamented and embossed with lions' heads and lions rampant, no doubt some part of the heraldry of the first owner. The Catalogue describes it as of Italian workmanship, and the date 1550; but the few similar examples in the Tower are usually considered to have been made in Germany at the beginning of that century. Another fine and authentic cap-a-pie suit of armour is lent by Lord Hothfield, and has been preserved at Appleby Castle since it was worn by George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland, who died in 1605. The collection of swords on both sides of the hall is enormous, and probably the largest that has ever been brought together in an exhibition of ancient arms. Lord Londesborough's French sixteenth century sword (No. 516) may be selected as a typical example. It is 2 ft. 3 in. long, and is ornamented with silver figures and foliage in relief. On the pommel are figures of Justice and Fortitude, and the inside and outside of the steel guard have Scriptural scenes exquisitely modelled and carved. There are literally hundreds of swords in this collection, in Mr. Mayer's, and in that of Mr. Wareing Faulder. Swords, lent by Her Majesty, by the Duke of Teck, by Colonel Talbot of the Life Guards, by General Graham, by Mr. Walter Pollock, by Mr. Egmont Hake, and many other collectors, illustrate more modern warfare, being for the most part relics of some engagement of the British forces. Among them may be noticed a Sikh tulwar, the blade watered, the hilt ornamented with an inlaid gold inscription in Arabic with the names of the Imams. It would be difficult to exhaust the interest of this remarkable Exhibition, upon which Liverpool is to be highly congratulated. The old furniture in a separate court, and some authentic helmets from churches should not be overlooked; but we are greatly inclined to doubt the genuineness of some of the ostensibly older examples, especially of some which profess to date from the thirteenth century. A large number of the most experienced and judicious collectors were taken in, as it were, wholesale, by similar forgeries of helmets a few years ago.

BLACK ROT.

PUBLIC attention in France, so far as it can be diverted from General Boulanger, is pretty generally directed to the new scourge which is threatening to devastate the unhappy vineyards of the West before they have had full time to recover from the

fatal inroad of the phylloxera. It has been recognized during the present season that a fungus hitherto almost unknown in Europe, but singularly fatal to the vine, has made its appearance over a large district of the Garonne, and has very naturally caused extreme alarm among the already half-ruined wine-growers. The first suspicion that any one had of the existence of this plague in France goes back no further than two years ago. When the grapes were ripening in 1885 the manager of an estate on the southern slope of the Cevennes, near Ganges, in the Hérault, observed that his grapes were shrivelling, and presently that they turned black. He had never seen this phenomenon before, and he collected some specimens of the sick grapes, and took them down to the college of Montpellier, where there is a special school of viticulture. They were examined there by experts, and at last pronounced to be stricken with the malady known in America as black rot. This name has been officially recognized in France, without any attempt at translation. The director of the Montpellier school of viticulture recognized at once the gravity of the situation, and proceeded to make an attempt at destroying the fungus. Elaborate efforts were made in the late autumn and winter of 1885 to eradicate the pest, and it was hoped with success. But next year it appeared not only in the original vineyard near Ganges, but in several other estates in the uplands of the Hérault.

Under these circumstances the danger became more than a local administration could venture to deal with, and the Government was appealed to. The Minister of Agriculture instructed M. Prillieux, who is well known for his practical and theoretical researches into the principles of that science, to proceed to the Hérault, and to report on the condition of the vines. His first experiences were propitious. He found that the black rot had not extended to so great an extent as was feared, that the atmospheric conditions in 1886 seemed to be unfavourable to it, and that really there was little sign of the malady left further than certain small tawny spots, on the leaves alone, which marks, when examined, were found to be full of little black dots. The grapes themselves escaped, and the loss to the vintage of 1886 was little or nothing. The affair had attracted slight public notice, and the report that it had almost disappeared in its second year tended to make the danger completely forgotten. M. Prillieux returned to his customary duties.

Unhappily the restoration of public confidence was premature. In July of the present year M. Prillieux received news, not this time from the Mediterranean, but from the far richer Atlantic watershed, which caused him immediately to communicate again with the Government. The result was that he was desired to proceed at once to the valley of the Garonne; and his Report, which has just been published, is sufficiently grave to cause, as it has done, something like a panic. The black rot, which had never been heard of west of the Cevennes, was suddenly perceived last July, simultaneously, in several of the vineyards which surround the city of Agen, in the Tarn-et-Garonne. The suddenness of the apparition was extraordinary. According to the evidence of a number of *vignerons*, the black rot was not seen until the 15th of July, precisely on which date, after an extremely hot day, followed by a storm, there appeared shrivelled grapes on bunches which had previously been perfectly healthy, and these rapidly spread until the entire bunch was destroyed. It is suggested by M. Prillieux that, although the local men assert with confidence that the malady has been hitherto unknown in the valley of the Garonne, it has probably been lurking there for some time, although unsuspected and but little developed. He was informed by a proprietor whose vineyard lies under the classic towers of Montesquieu, that his vines were withered in 1885 in a mode which he supposed due to some unusual force in the sun's rays, but which M. Prillieux attributes to the fungus. There is, at any rate, no doubt of the serious nature of the plague this autumn. Along the Garonne from Agen down to St. Macaire there runs a lateral canal to aid the navigation of the stream. The upper part of the island formed by the river and this canal—from Agen, that is to say, down to the mouth of the Lot—is at present the main theatre of the damage done. Along this fertile and watered valley the black rot has spread with the most alarming rapidity. At the middle of July the plague made its appearance; before the end of the month three-fourths of the grapes in most of the vineyards in the district we have indicated were shrivelled. The malady spread at the same time up the valley of the Baise, to the valuable vineyards which surround the town of Nérac. The reader who glances at the map, and draws an equilateral triangle in the centre of Lot-et-Garonne, with Agen, Aiguillon, and Nérac as its three points, may realize how important the district is within which, owing to black rot, the vine-harvest this year is a complete failure.

The fungus which has caused all this alarm and distress has long been known in America, although we have hitherto enjoyed an immunity from its visits in Europe. At the first start, the appearance of the vine-leaves and the grapes suggests that the enemy is the ordinary mildew, which is so common a result of extreme heat and sudden storms of rain. The grapes are seen to have spots of a clear rose-colour upon them, and these ruby stains rapidly spread over the surface. The difference becomes apparent in the next stage; for, while the mildew spots fade to tawny brown, and remain that colour, the stains of the *phoma uicicola*, which is the scientific name of the black rot, turn to a dark violet, first of all of a hyacinthine tint, then as deep and opaque as the hue of a cooked prune. The surface is by this time covered

with a black powder, which is really the spores of the *phoma* in immense numbers, and ready for reproduction. M. Prillieux has been unable, except with a powerful microscope, to discover any difference between the surface of the grapes attacked by mildew and of those attacked by black rot until the violet stage in the latter commences; and this confusion of the initial states of the two maladies without question involves a serious complication of the difficulties of the situation. On the vine-leaves the *phoma* makes the little tawny spots which were originally noted at Ganges, and the tiny black dots are receptacles of spores. It is a peculiar aggravation of the distress caused by all these fungoid maladies that their powers of reproduction are so tremendous, that the escape of a single leaf or a handful of tendrils is quite enough to make the destruction of a whole vineyard useless. On one dark-violet grape there is generative dust enough, under favourable circumstances, to blast a whole department in a single season.

It is sorry comfort when the horse is stolen to discover who it was who left the stable-door open; but great credit is due to the ingenuity and patience with which M. Prillieux seems to have sifted evidence as to the means by which the black rot was introduced into so inland a department as the Lot-et-Garonne. He managed to trace some cuttings sent by a nurseryman at St. Hippolyte-du-Fort, a town in the Gard, but close to Ganges, to Sévignac, near Agen. He does not, however, believe that this alone is enough to account for the phenomena, and he has evidence before him which leads him to conclude that the *phoma* was lurking, in an undeveloped state, in the vines around Aiguillon before it broke out, in 1885, at Ganges. It is this which is the alarming feature of the whole phenomenon. The apparition of the black rot was so startling and so unexpected in the remote departments of the Hérault and the Lot-et-Garonne, that no one knows where else in France it may be lying *perdue*. In the latter instance, it has only to cross the western frontier of the department into the Gironde to seriously affect the gaiety of nations. M. Prillieux, in his Report, strongly urges that a careful examination by experts should be made in every wine-producing department of France. He is inclined to believe that much may be done to suppress the *phoma* by careful cultivation, and he bases this opinion upon certain observations which he has made near Agen. Here, in the centre of the worst ravages of the black rot, he observed a vineyard, in much the same position and conditions as those which were destroyed by the fungus, almost entirely exempt. On closely examining the vines of this favoured estate, he found that the germs of the black rot were there, but so much suppressed by the vigorous measures which had been taken to prevent mildew that they were not practically interfering with the vintage. The salts which were here employed so beneficially had been neglected elsewhere, and therefore, although he guards himself very carefully against dogmatizing on such a dangerous matter, he cannot help believing that proper chemical treatment may have a great effect in lessening the effects of the black rot. All he asserts is that the vineyards in the valley of the Garonne which were suffering most last month happened to be those in which no efforts had been made to guard against mildew, and that those which suffered least were those in which such efforts have been most practically made. He states his experience in the matter, but declines on such slight grounds to build up a hypothesis.

Such is at present the condition of knowledge in France with regard to the new and terrible pest which threatens the vine. It is well that scientific attention has so promptly and so fully been drawn to the ravages of the *phoma*, for in this matter to be forewarned is, in some degree, to be forearmed. There seems to be at present little known about the mode in which the spores are disseminated, and at what time of year this takes place. It is possible that as the black rot appeared at Ganges in 1885 and disappeared again in 1886, its development may be the result of some combination of climate and temperature which will not occur again. Against this cheerful view there is the unpleasant fact that it has reappeared at Ganges this year in greater force than ever. It will soon be apparent whether or no M. Prillieux's hint that the treatment for mildew may be efficacious for black rot is well founded. The mildew, or *peronospora*, is itself very little understood. It was for a long time impossible to induce the *vignerons* to believe that it was not an insect. In all these matters science remains strangely powerless to cope with the mysterious changes in the conditions of animal and vegetable life. We cannot but express the hope that the melancholy forebodings of the wine-producers of the South of France may not, in this instance, be fulfilled.

OUR NATIONAL PHYSIQUE.

SOCIAL economists have had for some time past a very interesting and important problem submitted to them which they have found difficult to answer—namely, whether our population is improving or degenerating in health and physique. For a long while we were content to count heads and to believe that so long as the Census returns showed a good increase, the nation was progressing and all was going well with it. Lately, however, these ever-increasing heads have been found to possess hungry mouths, and our attention has been directed to devising schemes for emigrating adults, and providing penny dinners for school children to satisfy their outcry. The question of the improvement

or degeneracy of the people is a very serious one. The Factory Acts have been in operation more than fifty years, the Education Acts for nearly twenty, and during the last quarter of a century the Sanitary Acts have led to borrowing and expenditure of many millions of money on drainage, water-supply, open spaces, and other sanitary works, and it would be very grievous if no benefit has resulted from them. On this, as on so many other subjects, the doctors differ, but not without reason in this case, as the proper data for forming a sound judgment are mostly wanting. The Registrar-General, it is true, assures us that the length of life has been increased all along the line, and not only are more infants' lives saved, but persons of the bread-winning ages live longer than formerly. But this evidence does not satisfy some people, who think that we are merely preserving by our improved medical and sanitary knowledge a larger number of diseased or delicate individuals, who lower the general standard of the national health, instead of raising it to a higher level, as is asserted by their opponents.

We have ample data of the physical condition of all classes of our population of the present day, but we have no data of a similar kind relating to a former period with which to compare it, except a few observations on factory children made in 1833. Compared with these the factory children of the present day are a whole year in advance in physical development, and it might be inferred that equal progress had been made in other classes. In his address at the Co-operative Congress, Mr. Holyoke stated that "in a few years after the repeal of the Corn-laws every million of adult persons in England weighed twelve thousand tons heavier than they did before the repeal, and the young people had grown ten times more comely than they were before"; but he did not state how he had arrived at his results, and we know of no statistics from which they could be obtained.

In the absence of direct evidence we may fall back on the records of the recruiting department of the army, as Director-General Sir Thomas Crawford did in his address at the British Medical Association at Dublin last week. But statistics of this kind must be received with great caution, as there have been many disturbing elements at work during the twenty-five years to which they refer. The standard has been lowered, thus admitting a lower social class, and the recruiting ground has changed from the country districts to the large towns. Moreover, the condition of the labour market and the variable demands of the army for recruits must disturb the even tenor of recruiting, and if we may safely accept the skilled medical examinations as a pretty constant quantity, we cannot accept that of the recruiting sergeant's with equal confidence, and it must therefore be eliminated. Dr. Crawford takes a desponding view of the subject, which we think is not warranted by the statistics he places before us. "It is by no means unusual in these latter days," he says, "to hear the champions of sanitary science boast, and justly boast, of the perceptible prolongation of life which has been secured to the race through the beneficial effects of improved sanitary arrangements. . . . But, while admitting all the good thus done, there is evidence of perceptible deterioration or degeneration of type in the lower order of the people." Sir Thomas arrives at this conclusion by the simple process of adding up the total number of rejections of recruits for all causes for the years 1860-4 and 1882-6, and comparing them together. He finds that the rejections for the earlier period were 371.67 per thousand, and for the latter period 415.58 per thousand, a difference of 43.91 in favour of the recruits of twenty-five years ago.

The question is one of such grave social and political importance that we have felt constrained to examine Dr. Crawford's tables more critically than he has done, and with the result of arriving at the opposite conclusion to that at which he has arrived, thus showing the truth of the adage that statistics may be made to prove anything. If we eliminate the errors of the recruiting sergeants, who seem to have been much more zealous and less judicious in the preliminary selection of recruits in the latter than in the former period (and they might have found ten times as many more below the regulation standard without proving the physical inferiority of the class from which they gathered them), the number of rejections by the examining surgeons is reversed for the two periods selected for comparison; the numbers for 1860-4 being 301.30 and for 1882-4 206.41 per thousand—a difference of 94.89 in favour of the present time. If we examine the cause of rejection in detail the result is still more strikingly in favour of the present time. Thus, on comparing the earlier with the later period, we find that the rejections for physical defects of the body (varicose veins, ruptures, accidental deformities of limbs, &c.) have fallen from 139.12 to 79.63; diseases of the skin and ulcers, from 17.30 to 7.26; diseases of the mouth, teeth, nose, and ears, from 18.93 to 13.31; impaired constitution and general diseases, from 27.28 to 10.73; tubercular diseases (scrofula and phthisis), from 14.80 to 5.75—a most remarkable difference, seeing the comparison is chiefly between country and town recruits; syphilis, &c., from 17.66 to 11.55—equally remarkable from a moral point of view; and diseases of the lungs not of a consumptive character, from 2.82 to 1.75;—the total number of rejections under these heads being 237.91 for 1860-4, and 129.98 for 1882-6, a difference of 107.93 per thousand in favour of the present time. On the other hand, the present rejections exceed those of twenty-five years ago in congenital malformations by 10.24 to 7.36; in nervous diseases and weak intellect by 3.72 to 2.06; in heart disease by 19.52 to 17.21; and in diseases of the eyes and defects of vision by 41.92 to 36.22;

the totals bearing the relation of 75:40 for 1882-6, and 62:85 for 1860-4. The appearance of more malformations in the later period is probably due to the errors of recruiting-sergeants; while the increase in the rejections for heart disease and defects of vision are largely due to the greater skill in diagnosis of our modern army surgeons, and by the greater demand for good sight by the improvements in the range of firearms. This surmise is borne out by the fact that defects of vision do not appear under a separate heading in the tables for 1860-4, but are combined with the diseases of the eyes and eyelids. Short-sight, which is a cause of a large number of rejections, is more common in town than country folk, for the simple reason that townspeople have less need for long-sight, they have fewer opportunities for exercising their sight on distant objects, and their occupations favour its development by training or selection; but it is not, in the majority of cases, a proof of physical degeneracy, as we see among the Germans, who are a notoriously short-sighted people.

If it is borne in mind what we have already stated, that the recruiting-ground has been changed from the country to the town populations, and also how great is the competition for men of good physique by railways, police, &c., we have good reason to be satisfied with the evidence of physical improvement in the class of our population from which the recruits of the army are now drawn—and by inference of the material of the army itself—as evinced by the statistics laid before us by Sir Thomas Crawford.

LOYAL LOVE.

NATURALLY a good deal of interest was aroused by the appearance at the Gaiety on Saturday of Mrs. James Brown Potter in a new part, and the production of a romantic drama by Ross Neil, entitled *Loyal Love*. It is unfortunate that almost every recent example of what is absurdly called the poetical drama provides on representation a fresh illustration of the exile of poets from what was formerly the fit and natural scene of their triumphs. Once more we are forced to the conclusion that there is a gulf fixed between the drama of the playwright and the drama of the poet. How this has come about suggests material for a volume. It is clear enough that an art, the significance of which was self-centred and indivisible, the practice of which was confined to poets, now appears to suffer from a dual control of very unequal powers. Concerning *Loyal Love* it cannot be said that the author, whose title to poet has long been established, has shown any disposition to evade the consequences involved by the stage adaptation of plays already in published form. *Loyal Love* is in certain particulars a version of the older play by the author, based on the romantic love and unhappy fate of Inez de Castro, the heroine of not a few familiar poems, epic and lyric. The sequence of scenes and the blank-verse dialogue of the original appear to be closely followed, but there are alterations that will not be overlooked by any reader of the earlier version. The author makes scarcely any attempt to follow history, preferring not to impede the flow of fancy and invention and the exercise of constructive skill. The wisdom of this choice does not need demonstration. More noteworthy than the independence of history are the variations in plot and development from the original play, *Inez*; or, *the Bride of Portugal*. The most important of these is the change of catastrophe in the last act. We do not know if this was effected spontaneously by the author, or at the instance of well-intentioned advisers acquainted with the mysterious exigencies of the modern stage; but we entertain no sort of doubt that the alteration is injudicious. In the original play the tragic dénouement formed a natural, poetic, and highly impressive climax to the representation of suffering love and touching fidelity which constitutes the leading poetic motive of the drama. In *Loyal Love* this noble element of tragedy, always a high satisfaction to imaginative minds, is discarded to appease the baser popular yearning for a happy solution, which is met, by the way, by a device that may be ingenious, but is by no means in consonance with the heroic tone of the drama. That the lovers should emulate Romeo and Juliet was not merely a poetic circumstance to be desired, but it became through the natural course of the action almost necessary to the dramatic design. Looked at from any point, there can be no doubt of the propriety of the original finale. It is indeed hard to accept the substitution in *Loyal Love* of the bungling villain Gonzales and the effacement of tragedy afforded by the convenient sleeping-draught.

Mr. Willard, who represents Gonzales, is not altogether unembarrassed by the sudden transformation of an astute, cold-blooded plotter into an ordinary evildoer. The Gonzales of the fifth act is not the same person as the smiling schemer who loves Inez and would ruin Pedro. Mr. Willard, by the way, rather over-emphasizes the fact that a man may smile and smile and be a villain. His facial expression is often extremely fine when hate or malice are indicated; but he should be less frequent in the cold smile that illustrates those passions. Mrs. Brown Potter's acting is still wanting in force and freshness, and reflects far more of the well-tutored diligence of the pupil than of natural power. At the same time the presentment of the trusting, simple-minded Inez in the garden scene of the second act is not without pathos, and would be wholly graceful if it were not for certain gestures and false intonations that savour of the elocution master.

The change from the girlish simplicity of the first two acts to the scene in prison where Gonzales avows his passion is rendered with a success that falls little short of the expectation aroused by the situation. Here, at least, the scorn and resentment of Inez are suggested with undeniable warmth and sincerity, and the actress passes beyond the automatic play of cold simulation. To say that Mr. Kyrle Bellew looks the picturesque figure he personates, and delivers his poetic avowals of love and devotion with convincing fervour, is to say all that is necessary of his Don Pedro. Mr. George Warde plays the King with befitting dignity, though a little heavily at times.

FAMINE IN ICELAND.

THE customary stories of a ruined hay harvest and starvation in consequence have been appearing this year, as in previous years, in the English newspapers. In France "Pierre Loti," the popular novelist, who has written a story with an Icelandic title, has been making sensational appeals, on the same grounds, to the philanthropy of his countrymen. We do not wish to under-rate in any degree the difficulties under which this brave historic population labours in its melancholy homesteads under the Arctic Circle. But it does seem worth while, in the face of the annual appeal made to our sympathies, to say that there seem to be two sides to the question. It is very hard to find out the truth about current facts in Iceland. Communication with Europe is irregular and infrequent, and the language in which letters are written and newspapers printed there is familiar to very few people. Again, the island is extremely large, and one corner may be starving while another is prosperous. We think, however, that our readers may like to know that a copy has just reached us of the principal Icelandic newspaper, *Ísafold*, for the 28th of July, and that this contains a strenuous denial of the alleged destitution. It quotes from English papers the reports that every one who can is leaving Iceland, that women are selling their wedding-rings to pay for their travelling expenses, and that a considerable number of persons have died this spring of starvation. These statements are described by our Iceland contemporary in stringent terms. *Ísafold* says:—"It is a proof of distressing thoughtlessness, to use no harsher word, that persons should be found willing to transmit to foreign newspapers such careless fabrications." We ask ourselves whether the editor of the principal Icelandic journal or the nameless correspondent of an English newspaper is likely on such a matter as this to be the better informed.

From other sources we learn that although, as usual, there is a great deal of poverty in Iceland—which is proved, moreover, by the fact that no less than thirty-eight petitions from the *syssel* or counties for help from the Treasury are before the Althing at this moment—this year has, nevertheless, been an unusually favourable one. During the month of July there was a little rain and some gusts from the north-north-west, but not enough to do any damage to the hay. The fisheries have been particularly successful, and in the East Firth there was positive abundance of fish. The prices for cod and haddock are good, and there is reasonable hope that they will rise. There is still a steady emigration from Iceland; and, as the world gets more luxurious, the island becomes less and less a place where people wish to stay. They find themselves much more comfortable in Winnipeg. But there is no famine in Iceland this year; and we point out the fact, not to check the benevolence of our readers, but to keep it within reasonable bounds. Some day the real wolf may be at the door, and the patience of the philanthropic may be found to be exhausted.

PROPOSED CANONIZATION OF MARY STUART.

THE announcement, to which we called the attention of our readers some months ago, of the proposed canonization of two or three hundred Elizabethan "martyrs" was sufficiently startling for many reasons. The design has already been partially carried out, by no means—we believe—to the universal satisfaction of English Roman Catholics, but we need not revert here to the obvious difficulties and objections to such a scheme which naturally present themselves, further than to point out that they apply with greatly increased force to the proposal now put forward of canonizing Mary Queen of Scots. Our first impression indeed was that this must be a mere canard invented to enliven the dulness of the silly season, but the united testimony of the *Univers* and the *Tablet* leave no room for doubting that there is some ground for the rumour. The *Univers* is enthusiastic on the subject and declares, with questionable accuracy, that "what all English and Scotch Catholics warmly desire, and what all Catholics throughout the world have for three centuries been hoping for," seems likely at last to be realized. It appears that Benedict XIV.—a pontiff of considerable capacity, but not of any special knowledge of history—considered Mary Stuart deserving of the title of martyr. Whether that means that he allowed her to be officially declared "Venerable," which is the initial step in the process of Beatification, or whether that preliminary stage has yet to be attained we are not told. But there are many "Venerable Servants of God," whose process has been finally arrested at that initial point. Cardinal

Bellarmino for instance was declared Venerable within a few years of his death, but the Jesuits have not yet succeeded in pushing the claims of their hero to a further recognition; though the process has on more than one occasion been resumed and was—if we are not mistaken—favoured by the same Benedict XIV. who is said to have advocated the canonization of Mary Stuart. The only proof of her fitness suggested by the *Univers* appears to be her "manner of preparing for death and walking to the scaffold," on which we may have a word to say presently, but anyhow it scarcely affords conclusive evidence of "heroic sanctity." The *Tablet*, which presumably knows a good deal more about the facts of the case, naturally speaks with more reserve. It frankly admits that the *Advocatus Diaboli* might have something to say on the subject, and that the career of the unfortunate Queen, if unimpeachable, is certainly not unimpeached. But then "*finis coronat opus*," which is true, only a good deal depends on the kind of *opus* which is crowned. The *Standard* is quoted as saying that Mary had "the baptism of blood," as in a sense no doubt she had, but the baptism of blood is only counted equivalent to martyrdom when it is endured for the true faith, and the *Standard* does not venture to allege that Mary was put to death simply for her religion. If that, as the *Tablet* considers, is the critical point, most people who know anything of history will hold the admission to be fatal to her claim, in spite of her magnificent way of walking to the scaffold which, according to the *Univers*, "reminds one of the finest examples of the earliest ages of Christianity"—an argument by-the-bye which rather reminds one of the magnificent "deportment" of Mr. Turveydrop senior, though we have no desire (*pace* Mr. Froude) to question the fortitude or the sincerity of Mary's tragical end. But courage and sincerity do not suffice to make a martyr.

The possession of "heroic virtue"—that is of virtue practised in a very eminent degree—and the absence of any grave faults, unless atoned by an heroic repentance, are held to be indispensable conditions of canonization in the Roman Church. In one case only are these conditions less rigorously enforced, when "the baptism of blood" sets its seal on the constancy of the sufferer for the true faith. The claim of Mary Stuart to a place in the calendar must be tested by one or both of these requirements. Will it bear either test? Can she reasonably be considered a saint in her life or a martyr in her death? Let us take the points in order. And first as regards the life of the Queen of Scots. Nobody in the present day, unless we must except Mr. Froude, is anxious to press too hardly on the memory of the ill-fated Queen. Her position from first to last was a peculiarly trying one; her French education under the Guises had, to say the least, ill prepared her to meet the exigences and responsibilities of her future lot; and she received less than no help or genuine sympathy from those at whose hands she had every right to look for it. All this may be readily admitted, nor can it be denied that there is a halo of romance, if not of sanctity, about her character and life, which is likely to the end of time to inspire many hearts with something of the chivalrous devotion it inspired at the time—to his own destruction—in the boyish heart of Babington. Mary had about her a full measure of that indefinable charm which was the heirloom of her unfortunate race, set off by that fatal gift of rare personal beauty which contributed so much to the sorrows as well as the successes of her life. But we are inquiring, be it remembered, into her claims, not as a heroine of romance, but as a canonized saint, well qualified, according to the *Univers*, to take rank with the brightest examples of Christian zeal and devotion in the early ages of martyrdom. And in view of such an inquiry we are compelled to remark that she was openly charged at the time with atrocious crimes, and that to this day the charges, though they have never been proved, have not been refuted. We say that they are not proved; we do not even undertake to affirm that they may not at some future period be disproved, though after three centuries of searching investigation by critics both hostile and friendly with no decisive result this must appear highly improbable; but we feel sure that a pontiff of so keenly historical a mind as Leo XIII. would allow at once that a verdict of "not proven" is the most favourable that can as yet be pronounced. Mary may not have been the guilty paramour of Rizzio or Chastelard; she may have been the victim and tool, not the accomplice, of Bothwell, and have had no cognizance of the plot against the life of her worthless husband. She may have been equally guiltless, as she protested on the scaffold, of any complicity in the conspiracies against the life of Elizabeth, and some excuse might plausibly be urged for her under the circumstances of her cruel lot, and in the perverse state of opinion then prevalent and sanctioned by the highest authorities on the lawfulness of tyrannicide, if she did eventually give her assent to them. But after conceding all this, and even supposing her innocence of all the charges against her were ever to be established, we should still be a long way from any evidence of "heroic virtue," or indeed of any special piety or unworldliness of life. It is one thing to absolve her from the heavy indictment which at present lies upon her memory, neither proved nor disproved, but in general estimation much nearer proof than disproof; quite another thing to show that she was a saint. When the process for canonizing Bellarmine was under discussion, one of the Cardinals who opposed it observed that "the new saints made him suspicious of the old ones." We are afraid the canonization of Mary Stuart might suggest a similar observation to many others besides the Cardinals immediately concerned.

But it may be urged that, whatever be the verdict pronounced on Mary's life, she died a martyr's death, and therefore has a legi-

timate title to the honours of canonization; as the *Tablet* puts it, *finis coronat opus*. But to this plea there are two obvious replies. In the first place although, according to the received Catholic belief, "the baptism of blood" guarantees to all martyrs an immediate entrance into Paradise, it does not follow that all martyrs are desirable subjects for canonization. Saints are canonized, we presume, not for their own sake—for the process can in no wise affect their condition of assured felicity—but for the benefit of survivors whom their examples are designed to provoke to a generous emulation of their good deeds. They are exalted, as the phrase runs, over the altars of the Church, that others may look up with reverence to the model set before their eyes. Is Mary Stuart then, supposing for argument's sake that her death is to be considered a martyrdom, exactly such a model of saintliness as the Church would desire to commend to the imitation of her children? It seems difficult to answer the question in the affirmative, whether we assume her guilt or her innocence of the terrible indictment brought against her.

IN THE TWO HOUSES.

BY far the most noteworthy incident in the Parliamentary proceedings of Monday night was one of which, as a matter of fact, the least possible notice was taken. The smaller and more flippant scribes of Radicalism have duly made merry over Lord Wemyss's elaborate review of recent Socialistic legislation; and it seems to have struck one of them as a particularly comic circumstance that, when Lord Wemyss sat down at the conclusion of his observations, no one rose to follow him, and "the subject dropped." Inasmuch as it was a part, and a most damaging part, of the Earl's case that the vicious principle he was denouncing had received the homage of both political parties, the intelligence of the sneer called forth by the fact that he remained unanswered by anybody is not of a very high order. There is nothing particularly surprising or amusing in the circumstance that, where all are galled jades together, wincing is general; and it is undoubtedly too true that, so far as this matter is concerned, there are no unwrung withers on either of the two front benches. In the long list of measures enumerated by Lord Wemyss, every one of which is an offence against principles once held paramount by both parties, there are almost as many standing to the credit or discredit of Conservative as of Liberal Governments. This, of course, makes it a more hopeless task to declaim against legislative heresy; but hopeless tasks do not always become less necessary duties on that account. Indeed, there is perhaps no office for which the floor of the House of Lords is better fitted, or in which a member of that House may more becomingly employ himself, than that of reminding the public of truths which the mixture of ignorance, sentimentalism, self-seeking, and party spirit has in the Lower House combined for a long time past to defy or to deride. That House was on the evening in question engaged in one of the least questionable of legislative interferences with the management of private affairs. There are, of course, arguments to be urged in favour of a measure like the Mines Regulation Bill which are inapplicable to most other examples of paternal legislation, and it is only in the incessantly recurring necessity for further and ever more and more minute prescriptions on the part of the Legislature for the protection of the objects of its care that the fundamental and ineradicable vice of this species of law-making is beginning to manifest itself. With due allowance for this, however, the debate on the Mines Regulation Bill was businesslike enough, and substantial progress was made with the measure.

The "Duration of Speeches in Parliament Bill"—meaning thereby a Bill to limit that duration—is a measure with a title which cannot but sound pleasantly in the ear of every sensible man in the United Kingdom. We could, however, wish three things to this particular project of legislation which it does not profess. We could wish it other provisions, another sponsor, and a different place of introduction. It is more needed in the House of Commons than in the House of Lords; it requires, if we may say so without offence, a more influential backer than Lord Denman; and it might certainly have been framed with a more judicious adaptation to the end in view. We quite agree with Lord Denman that there are many speakers to whom "six or ten minutes" would be more than an ample allowance; but we do not think that habitual speakers of that description are to be found in the House of Lords; and we are quite unable to concur in the recommendation that twenty minutes should be allowed to "readers of papers." It is difficult to see why any man should acquire the right to bore a deliberative assembly at twice, or more than twice, the length of any rival bore, by the simple expedient of committing his tediousness to paper before bestowing it upon his hearers. The motion for the second reading of Lord Denman's Bill was negatived without a division, and we cannot say that we think it deserved any better fate. In the Lower House the debate on the Mines Regulation Bill was resumed at Clause 50, which embodies a number of general rules to be observed as far as is practicable in every mine, and the Committee got as far as the 32nd of these rules before progress was reported. In the course of the evening one or two attempts were made to bring the discussion of this Bill to a premature close, and Mr. Smith was compelled to remark on the fact that speech after speech had been made for the evident purpose of delaying the progress of the Bill. This observation

was resented by Mr. Burt, who declared that "never in his experience was there a Bill which had been discussed in a more businesslike way." This is a somewhat striking discrepancy of opinion; but we think that any one who has been at the pains to note the action of one or two notorious Radicals will incline rather to the view of the Leader of the House than to that of the member for Morpeth.

The further discussion of the Mines Regulation Bill at the Wednesday sitting of the House of Commons was marked by an incident which strikingly illustrates the observations we have made above, and which might even have carried some comfort to the despairing mind of Lord Wemyss. Our Socialist legislators are at last becoming, some of them, too Socialist for the rest. Mr. Williamson, a Scotch Radical, moved an amendment limiting the miners' hours of labour to eight a day; and, as though to emphasize Lord Wemyss's complaint against both parties alike, it was seconded by Mr. Hozier, a Scotch Conservative. This, however, was too much for those English labour representatives and other "men of the people" who have not altogether parted with their belief in the virtue or possibility of self-help. Mr. Williamson's amendment was opposed by Mr. Broadhurst, Mr. Fenwick, and Mr. Bradlaugh, the latter expressing his intention to vote against it, by way of protest against the "attempts which are now being made" (the familiar phrase seems now almost a forgotten one in the House of Commons) "to encourage men to rely upon Parliament to do that which they ought to do for themselves." Perhaps, however, the most conclusive argument against the proposal, as well as the most humiliating rebuke of the busybody spirit which animated it, was furnished by Mr. Fenwick, the Northumberland miner, who pointed out that the clause, if carried, might actually increase the hours of labour of some of the men whom he represented. No supporters, in fact, were found for Mr. Williamson's proposal among the Radical party with the exception of Mr. Cunningham Graham and Mr. Conybeare. We hardly know whether to congratulate ourselves the more on the character of the opposition to the amendment or on the repute and ability of its defenders.

With Thursday night's proceedings in the House of Commons we deal elsewhere. In the Lords a motion to call attention to the Report of the Committee to which Mr. Hanbury called attention the other night was standing in the name of Lord Dunraven. It was, however, postponed by private notice till the following night, and the House adjourned at an even earlier hour than usual.

THE IRON TRADE.

SIGNS of improvement in the iron trade have been visible of late. There is not much rise in prices, though, compared with twelve months ago, prices are decidedly higher; but business is better, and the feeling throughout the trade generally is more hopeful; while market reports and trade circulars indicate a very prevalent belief that the autumn will be more prosperous for the trade than for several years past. Too much importance, of course, must not be attached to mere hopes and expectations; but they must not be dismissed, on the other hand, as of little account. The feeling of a trade is influenced mainly by the inquiries that are made and the orders that are placed. Those who are actually engaged in the business soon come to learn whether there is more inquiry for their goods than in the past; and the number of orders placed, or the preparations being made for placing orders, naturally give the tone to the trade. A further circumstance indicative of the changed feeling is that a considerable speculation has of late grown up in home railway stocks, and particularly the buying has been of what are called the stocks of the heavy lines—that is, of the Companies a large part of whose traffic depends upon the carriage of minerals. The more important speculators in the Stock Exchange are quickly able to learn whether preparations are being made for placing foreign orders in this country. Almost always the actual placing of orders is preceded either by the raising of loans or by the opening of credits for the purpose. Thus the well-informed are early able to ascertain what is likely to happen in any particular department of trade. The belief just now is that American orders for English iron and steel will be very large during the autumn. At the end of last year it was estimated that the new railways to be built, and the repairs and improvements necessary upon the old lines, would necessitate the consumption of seventeen or eighteen millions of tons of pig iron; that the United States would not be able to produce at the outside more than two-thirds of the total quantity required; and that at least a third, therefore, would have to be imported. The greater part of the imports would be from this country, it was assumed, since this country can sell more cheaply than any other; and, therefore, there was a very confident belief that trade in this country would be exceedingly prosperous this year. The anticipation has not been fulfilled so far, partly because the passing of the Inter-State Commerce Act gave a great check to railway building in the United States in the early part of the year. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the passing of the Act created quite a scare amongst railway people, and especially the lines of the extreme West, North-West, and South-West expected to suffer because the distance over which goods would have to be conveyed to New York was so great. There was a check, there-

fore, given to railway building, and consequently to the orders for railway materials. Later still there grew up very grave apprehensions of a panic in the money market. This naturally had likewise an effect in checking railway building. And it is possible that the war scare which checked trade so materially throughout Europe may have had some influence in America also, though it is true that America would not have been affected directly by a European war, and consequently it is not easy at first sight to see why the construction of American railways should be checked by it. But it is to be recollected that the war scare led to sales of American railroad securities on an almost unprecedented scale by European holders, and the attempt to support the market for those securities may have diverted money from actual railway enterprise and may have caused an interruption of schemes that were then in contemplation. In any case the construction of new railways was not as rapid in the first half of the year as had been expected; and the increase in the purchases by American capitalists of British iron and steel was certainly far less than had been anticipated. Yet there was a handsome increase. In the first seven months of last year the total value of the iron and steel exports from this country to the United States was 3,413,327*l.*; in the first seven months of this year the total value had risen to 4,533,182*l.*—an increase of 1,119,855*l.*, or about 31 per cent.

Now, it is believed that the various influences which have checked the growth of railway construction in the United States so far have been removed, and that railway building will be pushed on at an extraordinary rate. The Inter-State Commerce Act, which created such fears, is found in working to be really beneficial to the lines, the traffic returns all over the Union showing extraordinary increases under the operation of that Act. Trade, too, continues to improve very steadily; while the fears of a panic in the money market have been dissipated by the decision of the Secretary of the Treasury to pre-pay the interest on the Debt, and to buy Four-and-a-half per Cent. bonds if offered at a reasonable price. That money may be both scarce and dear is possible, but that there will be any panic is not now thought probable, and consequently it is assumed that railway construction will be pushed forward at a rate to make up for the comparative slackness of the early part of the year. The railway Companies will find no difficulty in obtaining money, assuming that the stringency in New York is not greater than is now regarded as probable; and, this being so, they will, it is assumed, carry out their plans without delay. If they do, the mills at home will be unable to supply the material required, and consequently it is argued that the purchases in Europe must be on a very large scale. All this, to a certain extent no doubt, is true; but it is to be borne in mind, upon the other hand, that the iron trade in the United States has grown at a very rapid rate, and we have by no means seen the limit of that expansion. If railway orders are placed in the magnitude now supposed to be probable, it is quite true that the American mills cannot execute the orders as quickly as would be requisite. There would, therefore, become necessary considerable exports from Europe, and a large increase in European imports is by no means improbable. But that the imports will be on the scale of the latter part of 1879 and the beginning of 1880 does not seem at present likely; first, because there are not the conditions in the United States that then caused the "boom"; secondly, because the feeling in the United States undoubtedly is against imports upon a very large scale; and, thirdly, because the productive capacity of the United States has itself immensely increased, and is capable of further very large expansion. Even, therefore, if there should be a large increase in the orders, it would be but temporary. In 1879-80 the whole "boom," as it was then called, lasted only about eight or nine months; and a new "boom" would probably not last even so long. There is another circumstance to be borne in mind, too, which is the enormous productive capacity of our own ironworks. Even if large orders were to be placed, it is doubtful whether a very considerable rise in prices would follow. The production would be immediately increased, and the increase in production would speedily check the rise in prices, and might even, after a while, bring about a fall. Of course it is to be assumed that speculators would take advantage of the placing of large orders on American account, that they would buy up a considerable proportion of the stocks at present in existence, and would thus artificially raise prices. But a rise brought about in that manner must of necessity be temporary, and if, as we assume, the production should increase very quickly both here at home and in the United States, there would follow a very speedy reaction.

There is one other consideration which must not be lost sight of in forecasting the probable future of the market—namely, the action of Congress when it meets next December. As we explained last week, the surplus of revenue over expenditure in the United States is very large—about 24 or 25 millions sterling in the current year, if the taxation is kept up at its present rate. Now, as long as any part of the Debt could be paid off at par, there was little public pressure for the reduction of taxation. The surplus was paid out of the Treasury almost as soon as it accumulated there, and Debt was cleared off. Now, however, the whole of the Debt which can be paid at par is already redeemed, and to prevent a panic in the money market, the Secretary of the Treasury is obliged to buy Federal bonds at a premium of 10 per cent. Even at such a premium, the amount he is able to purchase is small, and as the purchases go on, the premium is very likely to rise. How long, therefore, will the public tolerate a system of

taxation which gives a surplus of about 24 or 25 millions sterling per annum, and keeps the country in permanent fear of a monetary panic? The expectation of many is that, when Congress meets next December, public opinion will compel it to reduce taxation very largely, so as to put an end to the accumulation of unemployed money in the Treasury and relieve the money market from its constant apprehensions. If this is done, it will become almost necessary to reduce considerably the Customs duties; and, if the Customs duties are reduced, it is possible that the duties on iron and steel may be greatly lowered. If they are, there seems to be no reasonable doubt that the exports of iron and steel from this country to the United States must increase largely. But then it is impossible to foresee as yet what the action of Congress will be. It may refuse to interfere with the Customs duties altogether, or it may reduce some of those duties and yet not touch the duties on iron and steel. In the opinion of some of the best observers it will content itself with reducing the Internal Revenue taxes, and will largely increase the expenditure. However this may be, the general belief at present that we are about to witness an immense increase in American orders for British iron and steel is based to some extent on the assumption that Congress must lower all Customs duties when it meets in December.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

SINCE last week we have had an opportunity of again inspecting the arrangements for exit and entrance of Drury Lane Theatre. Several exits which actually exist had not been conspicuously indicated; a circumstance naturally hurtful to their usefulness, and causing them to be overlooked on our first visit, as they might be by the public in case of accident or panic. This omission, we understand, will be henceforth rectified. There are thus, in all, twenty-eight exits, by sixteen different doors, to the three streets—Catherine Street, Vinegar Yard, and Russell Street—which surround the theatre. From the stage five of these exits lead into Russell Street and Vinegar Yard, besides one not mentioned above into Drury Lane. The theatre thus bristles with exits, and it is only necessary that the existence of these exits should be made perfectly obvious, and the use of them perfectly free from obstruction. We remarked in our former article that it was impossible for a given lessee to alter the whole construction of a theatre. Mr. Harris has done literally "what a man can" in this direction.

THE "INFANT PHENOMENON" ON TOUR.

MOST of us remember the deep interest we took in the early career of the Infant Phenomenon, and how thoroughly we sympathized with the admiration she inspired in Mr. Nicholas Nickleby, and the anxiety with which her artistic progress was watched by her adoring father and manager, the illustrious Vincent Crummles. We were, however, much disappointed at not being permitted to follow her triumphs to a later date. But, after the memorable scene in which we beheld her dancing a *pas de deux* with the Savage in buff slippers, armed with a walking-stick, "and posed upon his left knee, with her right leg outstretched in an attitude expressive of the deepest emotion," her subsequent histrionic adventures are veiled in mystery, and we only hear of them casually. But, thanks to Colonel Mapleson, during the past week considerable light has been thrown on this interesting subject, for that gentleman, in "choice" English, almost "as she spoke," occupies nearly three-quarters of a column in our daily contemporaries, announcing his forthcoming season of Promenade Concerts with a remarkable account of the career of an infant phenomenon named Nikita, whom, we fancy, Mme. Adelina Patti, like ourselves, at once recognized as our old friend, Miss Crummles, for she very shrewdly assured her, after hearing her, "that at her age she could not sing as she does." We do not for one single moment wish to intimate that Nikita's voice is not all that they say it is; and we feel persuaded that on Saturday evening next, at Her Majesty's Theatre, she will verify all the great things said of her. Meantime Colonel Mapleson begins his narrative by informing us that his heroine was born in Virginia "in the southern part of North America," and that "at the tender age of six, being endowed with exceptional precocity and excessive sensibilities—an artist in the depths of the soul," she was wont "in the concerts" to "draw tears of emotion" by her "angelic little voice." However, one day, it seems, her parents "led her to the Falls of Niagara." We are not told how they "led" her, but it is left to us to imagine that the "Falls of Niagara" to which Nikita was "led" are in the immediate vicinity of Virginia, and that she was conducted thither, as it were, for an afternoon stroll. The said Falls, it appears, not only "constitute one of the marvels of America," but are "unceasingly visited by thousands of visitors coming from every part of the habitable globe, and also by tribes of savages called Indians." "One day," continues the narrative, when "Nikita was far from the paternal surveillance, and playing in the fields, running from right to left in the midst of the flowers, her only companions," she was accosted by "a member of one of these tribes." This wicked person was so bland and hypocritical that the innocent Phenomenon was deceived by him into believing that "the

wolf was transformed into the gentle lamb"; and, after what might be described as a game of romps with the "lamb," she was "attracted traitorously near the place where those of his race were encamped." And now the wolf put off his sheep's clothing, so to speak, and appeared in his true character. Vain were the cries of Nikita to attract her parents; "to her little voice, which lost itself in space, the Indian responded with mocking laugh"; and so Nikita was kidnapped. For five years she dwelt in the midst of this Indian tribe, which thoughtfully "entwined the existence of the little captive with considerate attention and most delicate care." Her "pretty voice and harmony" exercised "a power of civilizing these warriors of the forest," and they regarded her as a "divinity." But in the meantime Nikita, like Topsy, grew. "Each day," we are told, her "voice became more firm, her face more pure, her smile more captivating." Then it happened that "a brave of the tribe" fell in love with her. She was only ten years old, but notwithstanding her tender age, the "brave" asked her in marriage. Unhappily "his violent passion did not find an echo in the still very young heart of Nikita." On the contrary, the fury of his passion only frightened her, and she burst into a flood of tears, and begged no one would harm her." At this juncture the brave was confronted, and very properly, by the chief of the tribe, and "the old warrior, though bent by the weight of years, declared to his impetuous compatriot that the young girl who found herself among them was free to do as she liked with her heart, and that, while living, he would suffer no one to disrespect her thoughts and sentiments. Coming from an Indian these were words of gold." Indeed they were, and speak volumes for that warrior's virtue and wisdom. However, the sequel was very dreadful. The Colonel shall relate it in his own words:—"But the unruly and inflamed subject to whom they were addressed did not weigh them in such a manner. Bristling with anger, the hot blood mounted to his cheeks, and, assuming a resentful attitude, in defiant tones he answered that he would listen only to the promptings of his own will, thus provoking the anger of the chief. A combat therefore followed—a combat furious, terrible, and without mercy—in which the vanquished lover met his death. The gods were decidedly against him. Wounded seriously, the chief was compelled to seek his bed. Overcome by the fires of fever, he felt that he had been mortally struck." And "mortally struck" he was; for very shortly afterwards he expired, beseeching with his last breath his people—"men, women, and children"—to seek for the parents of the little pale face and restore her to them. This they all promised "with their oaths" to do, and the savages were not long in discovering the whereabouts of Nikita's people. "Imagine her joy on this happy day to see again her mother; but alas! her father had died during her captivity." Since this sad event Nikita has been "on tour," and her adventures with the savages have not been neglected in her scheme of advertisement. All we now can hope is that her sole surviving parent will not be induced on any account to "lead" her child near the Wild West of Brompton, for this is a spot, like Niagara, much frequented by visitors from all parts of the known globe, and also the encampment of a tribe of savages "called Indians." Now should it chance that the Infant Phenomenon were to meander here "from right to left" in search of flowers, she might be inveigled away by some young spark or other of the Ogollala or Sioux tribe, and the consequences might be terrible indeed.

RAILWAYS AND RICKETS.

(A fuller report of Mr. Gladstone's recent speech at Connah's Quay.)

WOULD you know what I think the chief reason has been

Which commends this new railway to me
That "The Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire" mean
To throw over the waters of Dee?

I recked not at first of the wealth that is brought

In the track of the mineral car—

Not at all!—'twas a simpler and homelier thought,

A more sweetly domestic by far.

I rejoiced when I heard of the new line of rails,

For it instantly struck me how quick its

Consignments of milk 'twould bring over from Wales

With a blessed effect upon rickets.

For 'tis milk, I'm assured by a medical sage

Who has carefully studied such points—

It is milk which we need at the tenderest age

To avert this disease of the joints.

And inquiry pursued with a vigilant eye

In the suburbs of Glasgow revealed

That where'er there was lack—or no lac—in supply

There Rachitis was holding the field.

While, wherever the milk was abundant and pure,

There the children were merry as crickets—

Who knows, then, but what the new railway may cure

That deplorable malady, rickets?

You may smile at the thought, but I humbly submit

That the work I have named will afford

A beneficent object essentially fit

To enlist the concern of the Board.

On an errand of mercy I bid them go forth,
And would most deferentially urge
That they labour to rescue the homes of the North
From a genuine infantile scourge.
Tis of them that our civilization should boast
As her pioneers, outposts, and pickets;
And they surely will shine in that character most
When distributing milk for the rickets.

It is good, I admit, that the pale artisan
Into Wales in his thousands should pour;
It is good to indulge the Welsh labouring man
With a brief Liverpoolian tour.
It is good that the mineral wealth that is hid
In the heart of the Cambrian hills
Should more freely exchange than it formerly did
With the fabrics of Lancashire mills.
But what are your limestone, your slate, and your coal,
Or your tourists with circular tickets,
Compared with pure milk in the nursery bowl,
And the family shielded from rickets?

And now—your applause, ere the subject I change,
For the statesman as simple as great
Who can thus, o'er the humblest of subjects to range,
Condescend from high matters of State.
For to you, my dear friends, I will frankly impart
The conviction that grows with my days,
That I strengthen my hold on the popular heart
By these dear old grandmotherly ways.
No political question my steps shall confine
To its jungles, morasses, and thickets;
I'll stroll through the meadows and gaze at the kine,
And discourse—as you bear me—of rickets.

Yet, alas! I must own that I frequently find,
When I talk of the lacteal juice,
That distressing reflections occur to my mind
Of the word's metaphorical use.
I recall the Seceders—that mutinous lot
(Whom, however, I do not condemn)—
And the terribly scanty supply that I got
Of thy milk, Human Kindness, from them.
And I think how, while Life and Death held for him still
Open wide their alternative wickets,
One drop might have rescued my poor little Bill
Who succumbed to political rickets.

REVIEWS.

CLAVERTHOUSE.*

THE curious similarity between the two great Cavalier soldiers of the seventeenth century has often been noticed, and the parallel is at least of a more than Plutarchian exactness. Both belonged to the same family; both crowned a life not long, indeed, but not of the very shortest, of which but little is known, with a brief period of extraordinary activity and brilliancy. Claverhouse had not, indeed, the literary faculty of Montrose; but, on the other hand, his career is totally free from that apparent, if not real, inconsistency which somewhat tarnishes the bright fame of the elder Graham; and a person with a romantic turn for interpretation might see poetical justice in the different manner of their deaths. Montrose expiated his early factiousness by a death glorious and heroic indeed, but nominally shameful, after an unsuccessful campaign; while Claverhouse had and deserved the fate glorified in a famous passage of Southey's *Nelson*, the fate of the patriot soldier who dies in the hour of victory, one of the Three Glorious Deaths of the Isle of Britain.

Alike in other respects, the kinsmen have been also alike in lacking hitherto competent biographers. Sir Walter, indeed, executed what, thanks to his great knowledge, and still more to his unerring insight into character, were practically "lives" of both; but they were not what a vain people calls lives. In Montrose's case, though an estimable effort was made the other day by Lady Violet Greville, there cannot be said to any worthy book yet. Claverhouse, by the appearance of Mr. Morris's book, distances his elder. He was, indeed, about thirty years ago made the subject of a most laborious and exhaustive work by the late Sheriff Napier, a work in which nothing that piety, learning, and labour could do was omitted. We think ourselves that Mr. Napier had in right and reason the better of almost every antagonist whom he engaged. But he was lamentably deficient in judgment (as Mr. Morris very truly observes, the man who could complain of *Old Mortality* as unfavourable to Claverhouse must have suffered from the Lues Boswelliana to a hopeless extent), he had not the art of putting things, he was prolix and uninteresting. *Old Mortality* is always there; but that, people say, is a novel. Macaulay unluckily is always there, too; and that, people say, is a history. So that the hero of Killiecrankie has been rather in evil state. The vague but constant detraction and unscrupulous-

ness of religious and political sectarianism pursued him for a long time; and it was caught up and crystallized into an indictment far less vague, but even more unscrupulous and far less excusable, by the most accomplished historical libeller of any age or time.

Almost the only quarrel that we have with Mr. Mowbray Morris is his treatment of the said libeller. His patient and intelligent investigation of the facts shows that in almost every case Macaulay's portrait of Claverhouse is incorrect, and that in some at least it is either grossly careless or still more grossly unfair. But Mr. Morris (small blame to him as far as that goes) has an ardent admiration for Macaulay, and he cannot bring himself to say any hard things of that "great writer." He protests, indeed, half in playfulness and half in horror, at the "impertinence" of those who "scoff" at him. "Now, fair and softly, John he cried." To scoff at a great writer is, or may be, impertinence no doubt. But we do not exactly see how it can be impertinence in a critic who exists for the purpose of criticism, or a historian who exists for the purpose of speaking the truth, to point out that a man who undertakes and professes to give accurate and fair accounts has given as a matter of fact inaccurate and unfair accounts.

Mr. Morris says, and says very truly, that following after Macaulay shows one his "patience and acuteness" and his "skill in narrative." Undoubtedly it does; but that is not the point. The point is whether he did or did not use his patience and acuteness merely to make out foregone conclusions, and whether he did or did not abuse his skill in narrative to throw dust in the eyes of his readers. It is at least an unlucky thing that subsequent investigators in almost every case—Marlborough, Dryden, Swift, Hastings, Impey, down as low even as Penn and Ferguson—have come to the conclusion that he *did* so use and abuse his great faculties. And we have the greatest pleasure in acknowledging that this temperate, and, as far as Macaulay is concerned, certainly not hostile, "investigation" of Mr. Morris's in the case of Claverhouse adds one of the strongest counts to the indictment. Let us hear how Mr. Morris, the denouncer of "scoffers," himself speaks of Macaulay. "He heard, and he determined to hear, only one side of the case." "*It would not have suited his purpose* [Oh! Mr. Morris, call you this backing of your friends?] so clearly and strictly to have explained the facts that others might have traversed the verdict he *intended* to be established." And elsewhere Mr. Morris admits that, whether Macaulay did or did not know that Claverhouse was not present at the execution of the "Wigtown martyrs" (always supposing that they were ever executed at all), he ought to have known it, and has so worded his description of the thing that all ignorant readers think the contrary of the fact. Now we call that literary dishonesty of the very highest kind—of a kind infinitely worse than the plump and round assertion of a false charge. And when Mr. Morris pleads Macaulay's "great writing" on the other side, we seem to remember certain words which, oddly enough, were written by Thomas Babington Macaulay respecting John Grahame of Claverhouse:—"He had proved himself a great warrior and politician, and his name is therefore mentioned with respect by that large class of persons who think that there is no excess of wickedness for which courage and ability do not atone." Substitute "writer and historian" for "warrior and politician"; substitute "literary dishonesty" for "wickedness," "eloquence and learning" for "courage and ability," and we think the case is pretty neatly fitted.

But when we have discussed and dismissed this over-lenient treatment of a gross and notorious historical malefactor, we have, as we have said, no quarrel of any kind left with Mr. Morris; and we have much admiration for his work. We should, indeed, have liked a little portrait or summary in the style of Clarendon or of Macaulay himself to finish the book; but that is a matter of taste, and the taste of the day is with Mr. Morris. But we miss only one other thing, and what we find is excellently done. A more painstaking monograph of the kind we have never read; and the pains which Mr. Morris has taken have not, as happens in too many cases, led to the presentation of a crude and undigested narrative. Mr. Morris has adjusted his history and his discussion very cunningly, and has, to our taste at least, given not at all too much of the latter. He has been able (naturally) to add little or nothing to the scanty particulars known as to Claverhouse's life at periods other than those of the Covenanters' rising and of the Revolution war. But he has woven such facts as are known into a pleasant and readable story, not neglecting the due verification of each. And he has taken particular and successful pains to show by taking the cases, that not merely is the popular accusation of cruelty grossly unjust, if not altogether unfounded, but that the other accusations of rapacity, of profaneness, and so on, are supported by no evidence whatever. Of the grosser vices Claverhouse was by the testimony of his enemies free, as Sir Walter has intimated in one of those touches of his, never equalled out of Shakespeare, where Claverhouse appears in the ghostly castle of the posthumous Redgauntlet sitting a little apart from, and looking with melancholy scorn on the riot and riddalry of his companions. The description of the skirmish of Drumclog shows no small power of weaving confused and scanty details into a connected account. And in a different subject, which seems less generally congenial to Mr. Morris—in politics—at least equal praise must be bestowed upon the unravelling of the very intricate and in parts very obscure negotiations and proceedings between the dismissal of Dundee and Balcarres by William from London, and the final "Up with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee,"

* *English Worthies—Claverhouse.* By Mowbray Morris. London: Longmans & Co. 1887.

which, after a few glorious months, died with the death of Dundee himself by the banks of the Garry.

The one further excepted point which we have noticed concerns the famous execution of John Brown, where we wish that Mr. Morris had dwelt more on a matter which has generally been neglected where it has not been wrested by the enemy. That point is the well-known reply, "To man I can be answerable; and as for God, I will take him into my own hand." It seems to us to be far too generally assumed that either this reply must be disbelieved altogether, or else the charge of profanity at least must be admitted. We are wholly unable to take any such view, and to our thinking the speech conveys the completest and exactest view, as well as the best exculpation, of Claverhouse's whole political conduct. "To man I can be answerable"; that is to say, I am acting in strict obedience to my lawful masters and superiors. It is certain that this rigorous adherence to his commission was a remarkable feature of Dundee's character; and that, though he sometimes strained a point to soften his orders, he never can be justly charged in one proved instance with outstepping them. "And as for God, I will take him into mine own hand." We do not think it very creditable to the religious feeling or intelligence of our day that such a phrase as this, especially uttered in the seventeenth century, could be mistaken. It means "You have nothing to do with my responsibility to God; that is my affair. You have to ask whether I have a human warrant; whether I have a Divine one is no business of yours." It is quite certain that, if Cromwell had said it, all the Nonconformity and some of the Churchmanship of England would have been in ecstasies over this "holy boldness," this answer worthy of St. Paul. And let it be remembered that no one, not even Macaulay, has charged Claverhouse with hypocrisy or with religious indifference. But the difference between him, on the one side, and the Cromwells and Harrisons, on the other, was exactly this—that he had the spirit of law and of loyalty on him and they had not. They, too, "took God into their own hands" with perfect non-chalance; but they did it on matters where they had no warrant from man, where they were directly traversing the authority of those who had warrant. The answer of Claverhouse we take to be the very rule and canon of an honest man's conduct, couched in fearless, but not irreverent, words.

But if Mr. Morris has not drawn this exact consequence, he has illustrated it by the whole of his book, which deserves to take rank with the best short biographies of our day. Mr. Morris's mistaken affection for Macaulay will not do much harm, because he (being, unlike Macaulay, an honest historian) gives his readers all the information necessary to decide whether that affection is misplaced or not. His vindication of Claverhouse's character, though not, of course, needed by those who had already examined the matter, is much needed by the general public, will do a great deal of good, and will do it pleasantly as well as effectually.

NEW NOVELS.*

TEUTONIC fiction, as a rule, is somewhat heavy and very sentimental, but Werner's *Her Son*, excellently translated by Miss Tyrrell, is really a capital story, and would make a capital play. Old Count Steinrück has two grandsons, Raoul and Michael. The latter is brought up like a peasant's child, cruelly treated by his grandfather and by the peasant to whose care he is confided, his mother, the Countess Louise Steinrück, having married an adventurer and a gambler. He is the rough hero of the tale, the Saint Michael of that war with evil which is life; while Raoul, spoiled by his grandfather and his French mother, betrays his country and tarnishes his name. At every step in the narrative these two young men come into collision. There is a war of character, a clash of personalities. Michael is proud, stern, and noble; Raoul is weak, charming, and evil. Michael has the world against him, and conquers; Raoul has the world on his side, and loses. The whole story is full of movement and life, and the psychology of the characters is displayed by action, not by analysis, by deeds, not by description. Though there are three long volumes we do not tire of the tale. It has truth, passion, and power, and there are no better things than these in fiction.

The interest of "Mr. Sale Lloyd's" *Scamp* depends on one of those foolish misunderstandings that are the stock-in-trade of second-rate novelists. Captain Egerton falls in love with Miss Adela Thorndyke, who is a sort of feeble echo of some of Miss Broughton's heroines, but will not marry her because he has seen her talking to a young man who lives in the neighbourhood, and is one of her oldest friends. We are sorry to say that Miss Thorndyke remains quite faithful to Captain Egerton, and goes so far as to refuse for his sake the rector of the parish, a local baronet and a live lord. There are endless pages of five-o'clock tea prattle, and a good many tedious characters. Such novels as *Scamp* are possibly more easy to write than they are to read.

* *Her Son*. From the German of E. Werner. By Christina Tyrrell. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1887.

Scamp. By J. Sale Lloyd. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1887.

James Hepburn. By Sophie F. Veitch. 2 vols. London and Paisley: Alexander Gardner. 1887.

Tiff. By the Author of "Lucy; or, a Great Mistake." Favourite Fiction Series. 1 vol. London: William Stevens.

James Hepburn belongs to a very different class of book. It is not a mere chaos of conversation, but a strong story of real life, and it cannot fail to give Miss Veitch a prominent position among modern novelists. James Hepburn is the Free-Church minister of Mossiel, and presides over a congregation of pleasant sinners and serious hypocrites. Two people interest him, Lady Ellinor Farquharson and a handsome young vagabond called Robert Blackwood. Through his efforts to save Lady Ellinor from shame and ruin, he is accused of being her lover; through his intimacy with Robert Blackwood, he is suspected of having murdered a young girl in his household. A meeting of the elders and office-bearers of the church is held to consider the question of the minister's resignation, at which, to the amazement of every one, Robert Blackwood comes forward and confesses to the crime of which Hepburn is accused. The whole story is exceedingly powerful, and there is no extravagant use of the Scotch dialect, which is a great advantage to the reader.

The title-page of *Tiff* informs us that it is written by the author of *Lucy; or, a Great Mistake*, which seems to us a form of ostentatious anonymity, as we have never heard of the novel in question. We hope, however, that it was better than *Tiff*, for *Tiff* is undeniably tedious. It is the story of a beautiful girl who has many lovers and loses them, and an ugly girl who has one lover and keeps him. It is a rather confused tale, and there are far too many love-scenes in it. If this "Favourite Fiction Series," in which *Tiff* appears, is to be continued, we would entreat the publisher to alter the type and the binding. The former is far too small; while as for the cover, it is of sham crocodile leather, adorned with a blue spider and a vulgar illustration of the heroine in the arms of a young man in evening dress. Dull as *Tiff* is—and its dullness is quite remarkable—it does not deserve so detestable a binding.

BOOKS WITH A PURPOSE.*

"IT is a great mistake," says Lady Herbert, "for people to imagine that children do not understand or take in things when they are very young." It is a very great mistake indeed, if Thekla at five years old is a fair specimen; there must be a criticism of life going on in the breasts of these young things, comprising family affairs, finances, debts, and the schemes of mercenary relations. At ten years old girls are able, if we but knew it, to organize the journeys abroad of two elderly women, to see to the weighing and registration of luggage, take tickets, choose rooms at the hotels, and manifest a liberal interest in the services at church, in the gaming-tables, and generally in the *Merkwürdigkeiten* of the neighbourhood. And what they can do at fourteen in the way of undertaking the management of a large fortune, is the wonder of that frequent character in the small novel and its contemporary play—the guardian. Thekla's story, indeed, as told in Lady Herbert's pretty pearl-grey volume, is comprised within the years of youth; but these are stormy years. Thekla, in spite of her acuteness, falls into the hands of certain relations in Ireland, who go to great lengths in their attempts on her money and their coercion of her person. Escaping from these toils, she makes, with characteristic decision, her own choice in the matters of the heart; and the conversion which Lady Herbert's readers have a right to expect occurs after the marriage, and includes the husband. His early death is given with a moderation which does not impair its pathos; like the greater part of the story, the author has told it with a certain conviction which not unpleasantly takes the place of any attempts at distinctive style. *Thekla*, if not remarkable literature, sounds like fact; and its Roman Catholic purpose is enforced with no lack of point.

A glance at novels like *Mother Freeman* convinces the critic first of all that there are many publics in one nation, and that a public formed by a religious sect is, more than are others, distinct. A book of this kind takes for granted so much in its readers that the consciousness of falling shorter than the author perhaps has ever thought likely makes them sensitively anxious not to let their alien judgments be too severe, and, any way, to retreat from the strange country quickly. *Mother Freeman* is written in the interests of those to whom the "Bethel" of a

* *Thekla: an Autobiography*. By Lady Herbert. London: Burns & Oates.

Mother Freeman. By J. W. Keyworth. London: Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union.

Wild Lottie and Wee Winnie. By Ashton Neill. London: Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union.

Hagar's Repentance. By Edith Cornforth. London: Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union.

Soul Echoes; or, Reflected Influence. By Sarson C. J. Ingham. Second edition. London: Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union.

Harold and his Sisters in Norway. By Henry McCullagh, B.A. London: Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union.

Straight Paths and the Three T's. By Harriet Carson. London, Edinburgh, and New York: Nelson & Sons.

The Little Lame Prince. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." London: Macmillan & Co.

The Bow of Orange Ribbon. By Amelia E. Barr. London: Clarke & Co.

Between Two Loves. By Amelia E. Barr. London: Clarke & Co.

Nothing Venture, Nothing Have. By Anne Beale. London and New York: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh.

country village, the "liveliness" of the preaching, and the fervour of a Revival are by no means the subjects of easy scorn and ready-made humour. Therefore it has a kind of freshness. Many varieties of cant and convention doubtless exist in the world of this little book, but the cant of contemptuousness and the convention of the superior person are not there. So much is an intelligible advantage where a great deal is unintelligible; and the reader is glad to meet his author in admiration of the pious charities of his heroine. Mother Freeman does good deeds in the conversion of the drunken and the rescue of the village girl who has gone astray, and has done so with so much precedent. "Sie ist die erste nicht" is the diabolical comment on Margaret's fall; and how much point the saying would have had if Mephistopheles had known that he was speaking of a heroine of fiction! This is a better story (if we may form a judgment under the disabilities hinted at above) than *Wild Lottie* and *Wee Winnie*. Here is also a *scène de la vie de province*, in a sense which gives to our quotation of the French master's title a quite exquisite inappropriateness. Something may perhaps be learnt from the story as to the part which tea may play in human life. Tea fills up the pauses, consoles the sorrows, and expresses the liveliness of Ashton Neill's tale; and when the heroine has been converted, cake and "preserves" are added, with a profusion intended to convince us that religion need not deprive us of any lawful joys. This kind of cheerfulness is evident in a less common little book—*Hagar's Repatriation*. Here the author mitigates her piety by means of the artistic tastes of the heroine (Whistler's etchings, and some by Millais which we should be glad to meet, are in her collection), and also, unfortunately, by the humorous sayings of the hero. But the tale is not foolish, and its lesson of self-abnegation is profitable and good. *Soul Echoes* is more distinctly than the rest a love-story, the heroine having, as usual, a certain warmth of life from the author's heart in her; while the hero, also as usual, is quite without that rather pathetic human animation—while, no more than the heroine, is he good literature. The last of our Wesleyan batch is *Harold and his Sisters in Norway*, than which we have seldom come across a more rapid little record of travel. Equally religious in its teaching with the stories just noticed is *Straight Paths and the Three T's*, a couple of not ill-written tales.

The author of *John Halifax* has a womanly touch in writing for children which makes her work welcome. Moreover, she leaves something for the childish mind to discover in thought, and the childish heart to conceive in feeling, taking care that her suggestions, if unobtrusive, shall be clear. We should consider on this account *The Little Lane Prince* better for the training of young story-readers than a more emphatically didactic book might be. Her hero is little Prince Dolor, child of a very sweetly suggested mother; and there is a fairy godmother, and much of the machinery which children like the more for its familiarity, with some originality of plan. *A Bow of Orange Ribbon* is for older readers, young people promoted to love-stories, for whom an historical flavour is still considered educational. The author has chosen a time not hackneyed by much use—that of the American War of Independence—and her scene is in New York and in England. A fairly well constructed story is set in plenty of dialogue, in which we get perhaps rather too much of the Scotch dialect of one person and the Dutch phrasing of another. There is a rather Thackerayan Lady Capel, whose worldly old age and brisk death are really very cleverly rendered. And the author deserves thanks for making record of a charming lullaby sung once in all the Dutch settlements on the Hudson. "A free translation," says Miss Barr, "is that the mother's knee is for the child a little throne, where he can be as happy as pigs in beans, or cows in clover, or horses among oats, or ducks in water." Even to the reader innocent of Dutch it is a pleasure to have the singular swing and rhythm of the original. The same author's *Between Two Loves* has also the merit of local character. It is the story of the master and hands of a wool-weaving Lancashire mill, and especially of the master and one good and beautiful "hand," who is divided between lover and brother. Her self-denial (in relating which the author makes the sensible remark that it is easier for a woman to sacrifice herself than to be just) has its final reward. The bickerings of a married couple, moreover, are used for pointing all salutary morals of forbearance and tenderness.

But generally the size of the purpose and that of the book are in inverse proportion. The first batch on our list comprised small volumes with a most emphatic mission, and by degrees we have reached a book of four hundred close pages of which the purpose is mild. *Nothing Venture, Nothing Have*, relates to English country life in the days of the first railways. There is at least one good character-sketch, that of Mrs. Lyons; but the more important persons are not altogether so well realized. The author introduces too many people at once, and gives them an unlucky resemblance in their names. But her tale, with a mystery in it, will be found interesting by readers with a young appetite.

ALASKA.*

THAT the completion of the new Canadian Pacific Railway will bring the unexplored regions of Alaska within the compass of a summer trip cannot be doubted. But Alaska is no

place for the mere tourist. Mr. Elliot, an American gentleman of scientific attainments, lately wrote a big book about this same Arctic province, which was reviewed in this journal at the beginning of this year. The author of the present work, who is a younger brother of the M.P. for St. Helens, did not go to Alaska to inquire into the habits of the fur-seal or the sea-lion; nor did he spend two or three months, like Mr. Elliot, shut up with Aleutians in crowded and ill-ventilated cabins. He really went to try if Mount Elias was as accessible as Ararat or Cotopaxi; and though he did not accomplish an ascent of more than seven thousand feet out of nearly twenty thousand, he has faithfully discharged the duty of a pioneer, and his experience will probably enable other mountaineers to make their attempts with better equipment and more chance of success. To us it is no wonder that Lieutenant Schwatka and his slender party did not succeed in reaching the summit of Mount St. Elias. They had to encounter more than ordinary difficulties. Their advance had to be made with the utmost caution. The few Indians who were induced to join the expedition were obviously insufficient to carry enough of supplies, rifles, and scientific instruments. The leader himself, an officer in the U. S. Navy, weighed eighteen stone. Professor Libby contrived to get lost for a couple of days and caused his companions much anxiety. Only one person, the author himself, had any practical experience in climbing ice slopes and getting over crevasses. But the nature of the ground and the state of the atmosphere formed the main obstacles to success. The first part of the journey sounds all very well. There was a fine sandy plain covered with flowers and wild strawberries and dotted with trees. But then the travellers came upon a main glacial river, and some instinct told them that they ought to follow an offshoot of this stream and so try and cross it nearer the source. Here, however, they were obliged to defer to the local knowledge of the Indians, and we gather from the whole narrative that these persons, whether from fear of spirits or dislike to exertion, were not very anxious that the expedition should succeed. The glacial river spread out into a fan or gravelly delta, and broke into several channels separated by flats of soft treacherous mud. Between quicksands and quaking bogs and icy-water in the channels, the travellers were soon worn out, and then it was discovered that directly in their path lay a buried glacier constantly moving on with slow and irresistible force and partly covered by stones, gravel, and trees. Their rest at night was broken by the crash of avalanches and the rumbling and splitting of ice-fields. After this there were more blocks of ice, moving stones, barren moraines and crevasses. Further on they were stopped by a lake on which they conferred the name of the President of the Italian Geographical Society. As the author puts it, they seemed to have got into a *cul-de-sac*, and only got out of it by walking for two hours over waves of ice which at a distance had appeared to be fissures, but were not dangerous though unpleasant. Previous to this the party had split into two if not three divisions, doubtless in the hopes that one or other explorer might hit on some new and easier ascent, but it is obvious to us that this division became a source of weakness and delay. The mocassins of the Indians were worn to shreds. The store of provisions was diminishing, and it was not to be expected that four or five white men could carry with them heavy burdens made up of Esquimaux coats, reindeer's skins, ice-axes, divers instruments, two days' provisions, and thirty-five yards of rope. The next day the party dwindled down to three—Joseph Woods, the American lieutenant, and the author. Here the real climbing seems to have begun. The dauntless three were roped together. The axes were freely used, but the landscape was obscured by mist and cloud, and Mr. Seton-Karr having reached a height of 7,200 feet, unsupported, was at last obliged to return to camp. It is very significant of these untrodden solitudes that some ptarmigan found near the camp where the Indians had been left, were so shockingly tame and even aggressive, that four of them were knocked on the head with an ice-axe. It seems also clear to us that with imperfect knowledge of the ground, irresolute natives, and a captain weighing eighteen stone, everything that pluck and energy could do was done in this attempt. Some carping remarks made about the failure when the author read a paper before the Royal Geographical Society, were, we think, quite out of place. Practically the ascent presents a curious combination of difficulties. Part of the country seems made up of the hummocks, flocs, and fields of ice which we read of in the voyages of Ross and Parry. Another part resembles the arêtes, nevés, and slopes of ice familiar to members of the Alpine clubs. The author reviews calmly the features of what he terms a quadrilateral pyramid, and inclines to the opinion that the western side may promise "a not unpracticable way of ascent." But whoever follows the author to Sitka will do well to study his work carefully. It has no exaggerations or pretensions. It is a plain and yet graphic narrative of an honest effort under imperfect knowledge, to solve a vexed geographical problem.

The moving ice-fields of Mount Elias were not the only perils of the trip. When the author and his companions wanted to leave their camp at the base of the mountain they were driven back by the violent surf. A land journey was out of the question, and if they could not launch their boat and get away by sea they must have starved on land. At length, after one trial, in which their boat was all but swamped, they surmounted the rolling waves, and rested at Yakutat Bay. After some time spent in coasting along by Kaiak Island, Nuchuk, and Prince William's Sound, the Settlement of St. Paul's, in Kodiak Island, was reached, and thence a vessel took the author to San Francisco.

* *Shores and Alps of Alaska*. By H. W. Seton-Karr, F.R.G.S. &c. With Illustrations and Two Maps. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1887.

In the three months which elapsed after the attempt on Mount Elias some knowledge of Indian habits was acquired. The hovels at Karak were wretched abodes, not five feet in height, with a hole in the roof through which some of the smoke escaped. The customs of the inmates are fortunately not all described in minute detail, but are summed up as unpleasant. In some places salmon were so plentiful that the streams contained more fish than water. There were twelve salmon to two square yards of fluid. A spoon bait tied to a strong line which was held in the hand and thrown in, was sure to hook one fish out of a struggling, helpless, moving mass. The natives maintain that there are six kinds—the *chavicha* or king salmon, the red, the silver, the steel-head, the hog-back, and the dog salmon. The *chavicha* reaches a length of six feet and a weight of 100 lbs. Apparently the three first named are the only fish good for salting and "canning," as it is termed. The dog salmon is a coarse kind, "with large teeth and scales." Some kinds of game were plentiful. Ptarmigan and blue grouse were numerous, and there were bears and goats, with wild-fowl, in the autumn and winter. Strawberries, currants, blackberries, and cranberries grow in marvellous profusion and were to be had to any amount for the gathering. This abundance of fish and fruit maintained the Aleut in idleness, only interrupted by an occasional hunt for the sea-otter. A brisk trade is carried on between the native trappers and the merchants from San Francisco, who every spring bring cheap clothing, flour, tobacco, lard, and "notions" to be exchanged for the skins of the fox, bear, lynx, marten, and sea otter. At Nuchuk the author was lucky enough to pick up a diary written by an American named John Bremner, who formed one of an expedition in the year 1885, wintered on the Copper River, and came down the Yukon. This diary, which has every mark of a genuine narrative, is very properly printed as it was written, without note, emendation, or comma. John Bremner's opinion of the natives was not high. They gorged themselves with the flesh of the moose, told lies, would not carry the writer's supplies, stole his tea and sugar, and made more lamentation over three dogs lost in a hole in the ice than over one of their number who was drowned by the capsizing of a raft. Bremner thought that he could stand the cold better than the aborigines, and was warm and comfortable, though one whistler froze fast to his pillow in the night. He cured one of the females, whose husband came to him as a "big medicine," by giving her a good wash and a mustard plaster. He sums up his experiences by saying that, though the country was not fitted for a winter campaign, as troops would freeze to death, yet the climate was dry and the country endurable, if it were not for the thieving and lying propensities of the Indians. One very tragical incident marked the close of Mr. Seton-Karr's expedition. The general agent to the Alaska Company, Mr. B. G. McIntyre, was shot as he was sitting at supper with the author and two others. The murderer was believed to be one Peter Andersen, a Don Cossack, who owed money to the agent, and thought that to shoot a creditor, Irish fashion, was the best way of clearing off the debt. It does not appear that the murderer was ever caught. This volume, we may say in conclusion, has two good maps, a fair index, and headings to its chapters. Some of the illustrations are graphic; and if the author is one of the first of English pioneers in this new field of adventure, we may be tolerably certain that he will not be the last.

MANUAL EDUCATION.*

IT is evident that the public has thought but little on the subject of which these works treat, because there is as yet no fixed name for it. "Industrial training," or education, is not liked, as we have been often assured, because it suggests reformatory schools and prisons; "technical" is so associated with mechanical or "trade" work, that it cannot take in the decorative arts, while the word *art*—"that dreadful Art!" as Mrs. Merdle called it—utterly extinguishes in the average Philistine mind any conception of practical utility. Perhaps *handwork* or manual education is the nearest approach which can be made to "nominate" the exercise and development of the constructive faculties in children, which is at present being so earnestly considered in Europe and America. In Lord Brabazon's collection we have fifteen papers on technical and industrial training, and as these bear the names, among others, of Professor Huxley, Samuel Smith, M.P., Sir Philip Magnus, Mr. Fowler, The Marquess of Hartington, Evelyn Chapman, Lady Leigh, Miss F. L. Calder, Edward T. Auchmuty, and Lord Brabazon himself, it will be understood that their remarks are not wanting in wise observation or shrewd conjecture. One and all admit that manual training is needed in education, one and all cry aloud for it—the general merit of their remarks being their zeal in a good cause, and the general defect that none seem to deeply consider that such training in a practical form, as adapted to all children, must begin at an early age—the earlier the better, to give the fingers and brain an aptitude for work—and

that for this there must be an organized system. Mere "work" in a loose way is not what is wanted. Thirty years ago there was a great outcry for drawing in all schools, and now we are finding out that copying any and everything, or even beginning with geometrical forms, is not sufficient to train the eyes and fingers properly. The present demand for manual education is like the old cry for drawing. What do you mean by it? In a very long review in the *Wiener Morgenblatt*, by Carl Werner, of the pamphlet on *Industrial Art in Education*, published by the Bureau of Education in Washington (Circular No. IV., 1882), the author examines all the systems which have been tried, from those of Comenius and Pestalozzi down to the present day, and points out the fact that they all failed because they were efforts to teach boys *trades* repugnant to their tastes. In the State of Pennsylvania at one time scores of thousands of pounds were wasted in trying to teach boys carpenter's work, printing, shoemaking, and turning metal. The managers of the most liberally conducted industrial or technical schools do not care to take boys less than fourteen years of age. But even in America the very great majority of all children leave school at fourteen. Mr. Auchmuty tells us that "we are only now beginning to employ the methods of instruction that have been advocated for years by the most eminent educational reformers." But the truth is that not one of the eminent reformers whom he cites ever invented or proposed a *practical* system of manual training for children of both sexes from, let us say, six to fourteen years of age—a training which shall prepare boys for the industrial school or workshop, and girls, according to circumstances, for other appropriate callings.

Karl Werner considers the system pursued in the public schools of Philadelphia, since extended to those of New York, Hungary, and Austria, to be that of the future. It consists of teaching a simple system of outline design, founded on curves and the "vine," in connexion with modelling in clay. After a little practice, the pupil easily masters the art of working out his or her own designs in metal, leather, mosaic, embroidery, &c. Thus we may train pupils at a very early age to the use of tools. An eminent artist was accustomed to say that he would have been twice as good a painter had he begun at seven years of age instead of fourteen, and this is true for all kinds of technical work. In an ordinary art-school these branches are taught separately; in the American system they form one, and the design or drawing is made to suit the special execution. Beginning with easy and agreeable decorative art-work, the child is advanced to that which is more practical. And it has been found by actual observation and inquiry that boys who had studied such decorative art learned to make shoes sooner and better than those who had not, and that in Philadelphia the pupils who worked in the Art-school at the same time stood highest in their "averages" for other studies. The director of this school, as we find by a report in Mr. MacArthur's book, declared that he could "find places in a great variety of manufactures for all pupils who had had from twenty to thirty lessons in design and modelling." And the demand for pupils who know ever so little of technical or manual work is as great in England. It is the breaking in of novices which gives the most trouble. How such industrial art-work may be practically taught where teachers are wanting is illustrated by the *Leaflets* published by the Home Arts and Industries Association. These are brief manuals teaching the principles of design, wood-carving, repoussé, and many other minor arts, by means of which any person who can, to begin with, draw a little, may learn and at the same time teach others. They are supplied by the Association at cost, only to its own classes. With them models for a variety of work are also lent to its two hundred schools or classes in all parts of the kingdom. The practical success of these *Leaflets* was strikingly illustrated in the late exhibition of the Society, opened by the Duchess of Teck, in which there was a creditable display of a great variety of beautiful furniture, metal, and leather work, embroidery, &c. According to the original American scheme, such manuals should be extended to teaching the principles of agriculture, commerce, or business, industrial art, and, for girls, domestic economy and cookery, not with the view to perfecting the pupils in such branches, but in familiarizing their minds with the subjects. The actual success of such works in organized classes, not merely in hundreds, but in America in thousands of instances, may give those who are interested in introducing technical work to schools in England a valuable hint.

Lord Brabazon's collection of essays or comments on this subject is inspired with earnest desire to do the work well, but the contributors to its pages do not appear to have thoroughly known all that has been done in America and Austria, or even in England, or to have been aware that any one has attempted to organize a scheme by which all branches of education may be taught simultaneously. That this question has been very widely and thoroughly studied in the United States appears from Mr. MacArthur's book, in which he describes clearly and briefly the state of industrial education in France, Belgium, Russia, Germany, and Great Britain, and reviews in a most satisfactory manner what has been done in the same direction in the United States. What we learn definitely from it is, that while there are in America no great art-schools for advanced scholars, like those of South Kensington and Manchester—that is to say, for pupils who can give all their time to technical industry or art—there is much more being done than in England as regards teaching the young of both sexes to develop the constructive faculties while still in schools,

* *Some National and Board School Reforms.* Edited by Lord Brabazon. London: Longmans & Co. 1887.

Education in its Relation to Manual Industry. By Arthur MacArthur. New York: Appleton & Co.

Leaflets. London: Published by the Home Arts and Industries Association.

Professor Huxley, and with him all the writers represented in Lord Brabazon's book, write well of higher technical schools, which indeed is what they chiefly keep in view, but they do not grapple with the problem, which America was the first to attempt, as to how hands and eyes could be trained to work in every school, great or small. This, as we understand it, is the great question which it is endeavoured to approach in *Some National and Board School Reforms*, and which was first set forth in a practical form in modern times officially by the Government of the United States in the *Circular* already mentioned. The main principle of this document sets forth that "industrial art in schools covers the ground or fills the time intervening between the kindergarten and the industrial (or technical) school; but it blends with, and in the end is identified with, the latter." If the beginning be properly made with young children while in school, what remains for statesmen to do as regards supplying more advanced industrial education will not be difficult. When a boy or girl is once familiarized with an idea it is easy, by continued or successive applications, to develop in him or her almost a "genius" for it. The proverb that it is only the first step which is troublesome is singularly illustrated in this matter of industrial art education.

THREE BOOKS OF TRAVEL.*

NEW GUINEA, in spite of our Protectorate, proclaimed there two and a half years ago, is still so much a *terra incognita* that a work on it by a man who has spent nine years in the island must be full of interest and information. Contact with white men, once begun, exercises so rapid an influence over the thoughts and habits of a savage race, that Mr. Chalmers is fully justified in asserting that no one in the future will ever see these people in the same state of savagery as when he acquired their friendship. This volume, and his previous one on the same subject, will serve to measure the growth of civilization in the island. It would perhaps have been better for readers of the present book if Mr. Chalmers had not taken it quite so much for granted that they were familiar with his previous one. He plunges a little too quickly in *medias res*, and leaves too much to inference; the reader has to find out for himself as he goes along that Port Moresby is the head-quarters of the mission, that the author is known to the natives by the name of Tamate, that *dabu* is the New Guinea word for a house built on high piles. A little preliminary information on these and such-like points would save some trouble. A great merit of the book is that the author does not obtrude his missionary work; there is not a word of cant in it from beginning to end. Mr. Chalmers is under no delusion as to the reasons for which the natives at first wish to be supplied with teachers; it is not because they wish to be taught the Gospel, but because they hope for knives, tobacco, and clothing, and because they see that those places where teachers live are at peace all round and do not fear their neighbours. This last point is the real secret of missionary success. The life of a savage is not all the joyous life of feast and dance and hunting that idealists would have us believe. Famine, as Mr. Chalmers tells from personal experience, frequently presses hard on little isolated communities. A savage seldom sleeps well, for fear of ghosts or more corporeal enemies; every disease is attributed to supernatural causes; and death, except by murder, can, in their belief, only take place from the wrath of the spirits. Hence the Gospel comes to them pre-eminently as the Gospel of peace; night loses its terrors; neighbours become friends instead of enemies, and famines disappear with the introduction of foreign products. Mr. Chalmers's influence and reputation with the natives led to his accompanying the Government expeditions for proclaiming the Protectorate; he was able to explain to the Papuans the meaning of hoisting a flag and reading a proclamation, which would otherwise have been mere dumb show. His remarks on the use of our navy for reprisals are worthy of serious attention; the instance which he gives of the avenging of a massacre by H.M.S. *Wolverene* is an example which it would be well to follow. The danger to be apprehended in the future is from the Queensland labour vessels; let us hope with the author that for once we shall not exterminate a savage race in the process of ruling it, but shall succeed in governing it in such a way as best meets their needs.

Of a very different stamp are the two volumes entitled *Three Years of a Wanderer's Life*. Mr. John F. Keane disclaims all idea of fishing for sympathy in recounting the hardships which have fallen to his lot, and even professes that, had he to live his life over again, he would not ask better than to encounter the same instructive vicissitudes. Vicissitudes and hardships of no ordinary kind they certainly were; such, probably, as have been encountered by few men of education, and by fewer still who have had the courage to record them with so much cheerfulness and vivacity. In order to account for being under the necessity of placing himself in the very equivocal positions which, as he acknowledges, he sometimes occupied, Mr. Keane briefly explains the circumstances of his early history. He went to sea for ten years as a youngster, then studied medicine for three years at Edinburgh, and at the

end of that time was thrown on his own resources, owing to the failure of Irish rents. Seafaring life holds out no prospects to him, for his foreign service and broken voyages do not count as sea time towards a Board of Trade certificate as master. It therefore seems to have been a matter of perfect indifference to Mr. Keane whether he shipped as an officer or before the mast; if he had a few pounds in his pocket and the chances were favourable he engaged himself as mate or as second officer; if he was down on his luck he signed articles with equal cheerfulness as an able seaman, careless whether it were for the Red Sea or the Baltic, for Nova Scotia or New Zealand. He went from Calcutta to London, and from London to Norway. After his return thence, two months' looking for work in London brought Mr. Keane to the end of his resources; he pawned his last clothes, passed some nights in the streets, and finally had to accept work as a dock labourer at 5d. an hour. He next shipped before the mast in a Nova Scotian, which took him to New York, whence he intended to work his way to one of the whaling ports, but got dragged in a sailor's boarding-house there, and awoke to find himself under another man's name on an American vessel bound for Germany. On reaching Europe he escaped by sacrificing most of his wages, and transferred himself to a Belgian steamer sailing for Brazil. At Rio he was arrested while having an evening swim, imprisoned naked in a filthy gaol for six days, during which his ship sailed without him, and then managed to ship for Bassein in Burmah on board a Liverpool steamer, to which he stuck till she returned to Rotterdam. The long voyage gives Mr. Keane an opportunity for dilating on sailors' pastimes. First and foremost he puts sleep, then mat-making, ship's libraries, making models, knots, and splices, fishing and bird-catching; the method recommended of ground-baiting for albatrosses is particularly interesting. Soon after reaching home, Mr. Keane, finding that the French were at war with China, contrived to get out to Hong Kong as a stow-away. He pushed on to Shanghai, and tried to get into the Chinese navy, but had to go to hospital before their squadron put to sea. By a stroke of luck he was engaged as sub-editor of the *Shanghai Courier* and as War Correspondent, in which capacity he describes from independent sources the battle of Sheipo Roads, of which hitherto only the French side has been known. From China Mr. Keane went to India, where he got employment for some time on the East Indian Railway; but threw it up to try his luck in Burmah, which he reached too late to get any work. He returned to England before the mast, and ends a book full of adventure with an account of how he travelled as a common tramp from Liverpool to London.

Mr. Morley Roberts's *Western Avernus* has many points of resemblance with Mr. Keane's book. Both authors were men of education and, as their writings show, of more than average ability, who adopted a life of the hardest manual labour without any prospect or, it would seem, any great desire of bettering their condition. Mr. Roberts tramped or worked his way round the greater part of North America with no more money than his hands could earn from day to day, and with any chance companion whom he could pick up. Yet, when pinched with hunger, he solaced himself with books, in towns frequenting the public libraries, and on his tramps carrying in his blankets a volume of Virgil or *Sartor Resartus*. He must possess an unusually strong constitution, as well as an unusually elastic mind; his descriptions of scenery are most appreciative, and he details in a graphic manner the various shifts to which he was put in order to keep body and soul together. His narrative is consequently amusing, yet the burden of it is a sad one; his normal condition is one of pennilessness. The temptations of drink and gambling had neither of them any attractions for him; so his failure to rise in the world cannot be laid to the score of these vices. It must be attributable to an innate restlessness and desire of change; he never stuck to his work or tried to avail himself of any chance of promotion above the lowest rank of manual labour, but as soon as he had scraped together a few dollars he moved on elsewhere, with no particular object in view. In early life Mr. Roberts tells us that he had been a wanderer in Australia, then gone to sea, then knocked about London, and finally come out to Texas, where we find him, in the opening pages of the present volume, herding and shearing sheep. Soon tiring of this, Mr. Roberts worked his way by rail to Chicago as a "bull-puncher"—that is, in charge of cattle destined for slaughter and canning in the distant North. He next procured work at railroad-making in Iowa, and then, partly by walking, partly by bribing the conductor of a freight train, reached St. Paul, in Minnesota, with twenty cents in his pocket. Twelve days' labour with pick and shovel at the water-works supplied sufficient cash to enable Mr. Roberts to pay eight and a half dollars, for which fee labourers were engaged and carried 1,600 miles by rail through Canada to the Rocky Mountains to work on the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. From his broad-brimmed Texan hat he had earned the sobriquet of "Texas," which stuck to him for months, being passed on from one acquaintance to another. The line had then only reached the summit of the Rockies, whence a forty miles' tramp down Kicking Horse Pass brought the party of labourers to the railroad camps. The work was dangerous enough, tunnelling through clay and loose gravel or blasting among the rocks; the fare and accommodation were of the roughest, though their nightly gatherings round the fire were not without elements of the picturesque; Mr. Roberts acquired popularity by singing English, German, and Italian songs, and by virtue of his education was constituted as umpire and referee. After a few weeks Mr. Roberts

* *Pioneering in New Guinea*. By James Chalmers, Author of "Work and Adventure in New Guinea." London: Religious Tract Society. 1887.

Three Years of a Wanderer's Life. By John F. Keane, Author of "Six Months in Meccah" &c. 2 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1887.

The Western Avernus; or, Toil and Travel in Further North America. By Morley Roberts. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1887.

found the labour too irksome, and determined to make his way on foot across the mountain ranges into British Columbia, following the proposed line of railway by the surveyed trail—a journey in which he met with more than his usual experiences of suffering. His book affords good evidence that a man of such education and capabilities might have done far better for himself than lead a life of mere purposeless toil and travel.

A FRENCHMAN ON EGYPT.*

ONE of the first results of the English occupation of Egypt and of the happily abortive negotiations at Constantinople is that all the floodgates of French envy and spite have been opened upon us. The late Gabriel Charmes was a brilliant writer, delightful to read even when he took the least possible pains to conceal the falsity and animosity of his statements. M. S. de Chonski is not another Gabriel Charmes. His *Croquis* consist of simple crude abuse so far as they regard England, and of scarcely disguised inventions and unsupported assertions as regards Egypt. His book has the appearance of being made up of old newspaper articles, and perhaps even telegrams, probably resuscitated from the columns of the *Constitutionnel*, of which M. de Chonski is the "Rédacteur-Directeur du Service des Affaires Etrangères." As one reads, the thought constantly comes up—if these are genuine specimens of the way in which foreign affairs are represented by French newspapers, how is it that the ordinary Frenchman has any correct ideas on what is going on in the outer world beyond the *octrois* of Paris? Yet some few Frenchmen do know, and do acknowledge the truth about Egyptian and other questions, and are not taken in by such writers as M. Charmes and M. de Chonski. They perceive that France has, to say the least, played her game badly as regards Egypt; that every argument against the English occupation of Egypt tells with double force against the French occupation of Tunis; and that historically France has no more claim on Egypt than she has on Russia, a country which she invaded, and from which, likewise after a ruinous defeat, she was ignominiously thrust. But M. de Chonski writes for a totally different class. The thoroughgoing Anglophobe acknowledges none of these facts; that they are facts he at least ignores. The full details of recent intrigue in Egypt may never be publicly known, even after they have become purely matters of history. Conversations, on which so many events hang, are seldom reported in Blue-books; and it seems to have been the policy of the recent representatives of English interests in Egypt to minimize as much as possible their complaints of the interference and obstruction with which the French have encountered every effort for the improvement of the country. Bearing this in mind, and remembering also that we have very frequently blundered in what we have done and left undone, still we do not deserve the underhand and disgraceful intriguing of every Frenchman in Egypt, or the accusations so freely and unfoundedly made against us by such writers as M. de Chonski. We may long feel ashamed of the mismanagement by which Mr. Gladstone's Government abandoned Alexandria to the flames; and we ought to be ashamed at the excessive salaries paid to foreign officials; but here the fault lies rather with the French, who will not allow any reduction to be made. But when M. de Chonski asserts that the Egyptian Government is employing forced labour at Gebel Zeit to find oil to enrich two Englishmen, and when he says that the gardens of the English officers quartered at Alexandria are cultivated by means of the *Corvée*, he insults the understanding of his readers. Similarly, he must know that only a Frenchman would assert, but not even a Frenchman can believe, that our representative at Cairo wished for the appointment of a German at the Boolak Museum in order that he might remove the most curious antiquities to London. Had we chosen to ask for an English appointment at Boolak, as we ought to have done, and as probably any Minister but Sir E. Baring would have done, it would have been with a view to keeping them from the Louvre. The facts are unfortunately too notorious to be worth repeating here. But when M. de Chonski gives us the other picture, and describes to us the virtues of the French in Egypt, it is impossible not to feel that he is poking fun at his countrymen there, who, he tells us, by "their capital and industry have given agricultural wealth to the land," and this in the face of the misery, starvation, and ultimate loss involved in Ismail Pasha's sugar schemes, which must be the agricultural movement alluded to in this passage. But M. de Chonski has more of the same kind to record:—"They have quickened the commercial activity of Alexandria and Cairo and other large centres." In some places it is difficult to doubt that M. de Chonski's printer has omitted a negative. "They have created the army and navy. They have protected the fellah, and brought him by degrees to a knowledge of his rights and his duties." A "not" would surely improve both these statements. As a cure for the Egyptian's woes he is to be educated in Paris, and thoroughly Parisianized. All doctors and engineers are to be Frenchmen. M. de Chonski does not say why, but, if he supported his proposals with reasons, they would apply equally to the English. If it be good to Europeanize the Arab, why not make him adopt English ways? At any rate, he will find a very small percentage of Englishmen who could as ingeniously and conscientiously manipulate facts as the ordinary French journalist.

* *Croquis Egyptiens*. Par S. de Chonski. Paris: Dentu. 1887.

TWO BOOKS OF HEBREW INSTRUCTION.*

CAMBRIDGE may justly claim the distinction of having largely contributed to the revival of Hebrew study among us. It might be an invidious task to single out here individual names. But all who have even moderate knowledge of recent Old Testament literature will include among its more prominent and meritorious representatives the joint author of the *Commentary on the Book of Psalms*. But it is partly for this very reason that we somewhat regretfully take in hand the little grammar which bears the name of Mr. Lowe.

Of Hebrew grammars of the smaller kind, useful or otherwise, we have enough and to spare, both in English and German. Unless a writer have something new to offer, either as regards matter or form, it is not easy to see what object can be served by adding to their number. The apparent motive in this instance is that it forms part of a new series of neat but diminutive manuals which bears the somewhat imposing title of "Theological Educator," and promises to "give a solid and trustworthy grounding in all branches of theological study." But past experience has made us, to say the least, distrustful of "Educators" of the minor species generally, and not less so of a "Theological Educator." True, there is a very large class of aspirants to every kind of learning at the smallest cost of money, time, labour, or brains. But the tendency is not to be encouraged, even in the interest of those ambitious individuals. The short and easy roads to knowledge generally lead to a goal which it might not be civil to describe more particularly. It is quite possible, as witness the book under notice, to compress a Hebrew Grammar for beginners within fifty-nine small pages, with an appendix of twenty-nine pages of "Tables." But how to condense within double, or even treble, that number of little pages an "Introduction to the New Testament," and still more an "Introduction to the Old Testament," or a "Guide to Theological Literature"—each of them to "give a solid and trustworthy grounding"—is a problem which few serious students will be desirous or hopeful of seeing solved.

It goes without saying that a Hebraist like Mr. Lowe would produce a "trustworthy" grammar for beginners. Indeed, it is remarkable how much he has succeeded in compressing within this very brief space. But herein chiefly lies also the objection to the book. Under the guidance of a teacher almost any grammar by a competent writer will serve the purpose. The question is, which of them will most facilitate self-instruction. This is not only one of the objects of such little manuals, but specially so in the present series, which is hopeful of attracting "laymen" by "clearness and simplicity" of style, while at the same time it proves interesting "even to proficients in Theology," by "freshness and scholarship." Mr. Lowe's grammar is constructed on the plan of making the "Tables" at the end of the book, as it were, the text of which the grammar itself is the Commentary. This is an excellent method in oral teaching, but for self-instruction has the practical inconvenience that the "Tables" must be cut out and laid beside the book. Then Mr. Lowe has too much in his mind while writing for a beginner, and he is too much of a purist. To take one instance. The student is instructed that the phonetic value of the letter *ayin* is *gr*. The proof of this, so far as Hebrew is concerned, requires yet to be given. But in any case the learner will find it not easy to pronounce such words as *green*, commonly read *von*. The difficulty is in more than one respect seriously increased by the ignoring of even the *Sh'va* *compositum* in the transliteration of words, as in the instance just mentioned. Mr. Lowe would discard the common nomenclature of silent or quiescent, and vocal or mobile *Sh'va*, and substitute for it the terms "secant" and "linking." This probably after Ewald, who, however, more clearly designates the one as "syllable-closing," the other as "syllable-beginning." Most writers have different modes of marking the *Sh'va*, and indicating how in certain cases it should become somehow audible, mindful of the well-known warning that otherwise the Hebrew for "God is truth" might sound to the ear like "God is dead." But in his transliteration not only of the vocal, but even of the compound *Sh'va*, Mr. Lowe gives (at p. 4) no mark of its existence, and transliterates *ya'grmōd* for what most of us would read *ya'mōd*, and yet at p. 59 he transliterates like every one else *lō'ni*, not *logrni*. No doubt if Mr. Lowe were teaching he would explain his reason and meaning, but for this there is not room nor opportunity in such a manual.

Respect for Mr. Lowe has led us into such details. Of the *Dictionary of Talmudic and Midrashic Literature*, by Dr. Jastrow, of which the first part comes to us from America, only a very brief notice is requisite. The work has scarcely proceeded far enough to enable us to form a definite judgment of its value. And with the experience of Kohut's *Aruch completum* before us, which at a considerable cost to subscribers has proceeded only a short way through the alphabet and then stopped—at any rate now for a number of years—one is not sanguine of the continuation of such a work. Possibly the marked interest in Hebrew literature displayed of late in America may carry it to a successful termination. Of the present part we can only say that as a

* *A Hebrew Grammar*. By the Rev. W. H. Lowe, M.A., Lecturer on Hebrew, Christ's College, Cambridge; Joint Author of "A Commentary on the Psalms" &c. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

A Dictionary of the Targumim, the Talmud Babli and Yerushalmi, and the Midrashic Literature. Compiled by M. Jastrow, Ph.D. Part I. תרגומי-א. London: Trubner & Co. New York: Putnam's Sons.

dictionary it is much shorter, and will prove, in our view, far less satisfactory or useful to the student, than the two well-known works of Professor Levy, which the somewhat grandiloquent preface absolutely ignores, as well as other previous works of the same kind. However, the present publication may possibly rectify some mistakes almost unavoidable in undertakings of such magnitude. The superiority which it seems to claim for itself, we are bound to say, not borne out by the corrections in etymology proposed in this part. On the other hand, it possesses the advantage, if such it always is, of being written in English. For we may hope that in several of the instances which we had marked the inexact rendering is due rather to the wrong choice of an English word than to more serious inaccuracy on the part of the writer.

NOVELS.*

BY the time they have published a vast number of works, most authors begin to show a marked deterioration in style, detail, and plot, but with Mr. Hawley Smart this is not the case. He is undoubtedly at this time unequalled as a recorder of sporting life, matters, and manners, and in *A False Start* this clever writer is equally at home in his delineations of military life. The *False Start* does not, as at first glance might be imagined, apply to a horse, but to the beginning of the career of a typical young Englishman named Maurice Enderby, who becomes a curate, whilst all his natural inclinations would have led him quite in another direction. "Maurice Enderby was no weak, flabby young man; on the contrary, he was a young gentleman abounding in energy and vitality; one of his college eleven, not at all a bad man to hounds, and at the same time bearing a good reputation for ability—he had taken a very fair degree, and was equally a favourite, both with his fellows and the authorities." At the opening of the book he and his charming wife are at Scarborough, spending their honeymoon. Maurice is being dunned by his Oxford tradesmen, and Bessie is speculating as to the kind of wedding present her uncle John will give her. Uncle John Madingley is a sporting parson of great wealth, who breeds horses for his amusement, and who is a thoroughly delightful character all round. In a genial moment he gives his niece a half share in a promising yearling for the wedding gift. The young couple do not understand the value of this present, and Maurice, being pressed on all sides for money, accepts a curacy under a pompous egotistical rector, the Rev. Jacob Jarrold, in the town of Tunnleton. This town and its inhabitants are described with a freedom and breadth of humour which would make the name of any author less well known. Maurice struggles bravely for a year at his uncongenial task, and is making his way fairly in the parish, though still hampered by his debts, when Bob Grafton, a friend who is a bit of a sportsman, tells him that his wife's part property, "The Wandering Nun," is to run for the "Chesterfields," and that it has a fair chance of winning. From this time the hero gets himself involved in a series of misunderstandings with his parishioners, through what they call his "sporting propensities." Scarcely sanguine, still he is anxious as to the result of the race, and, bitten by the excitement, he eagerly seizes any sporting news that comes in his way. The manner in which a net is thus fastened round the young man is exceptionally well arranged—he is accused of betting and of taking interest in all kinds of clerical affairs, and finally his rector is spoken to on the subject, and Maurice's wife is solemnly warned of his defections. "Wandering Nun" wins easily, and Maurice's cheque for the "half share" is a good round one, which puts him straight with his creditors—though not with the inhabitants of Tunnleton. They discover his fresh balance at his banker's and conclude that he has betted largely and committed other "crimes," and so do their best to get him expelled from the town. "Wandering Nun" goes on winning, but Maurice gets told, which is only too true, "That a man who has only to sit still and see hundred-pound notes dropping into his lap is bound to deteriorate." At length he is forced to leave Tunnleton, but before doing so he allows his friends to reveal the secret of his interest in "Wandering Nun," which he has all this time kept dark, but even that does no good. Arrived in London, with a fair sum at his bank, he thinks seriously of embarking upon a military career, but for this his age is against him, and whilst waiting for something to turn up, he is easily induced to spend some of his spare time at Ascot. Successful in his first betting transaction, he rapidly becomes reckless, and does not leave off until all the winnings of the "part property" have melted. We next find him in Zululand as a special correspondent and volunteer. In both of these vocations he distinguishes himself, and he makes one of the bravest rides on record, which the author describes with graphic and vivid accuracy. The end of the book is truly tragic; the brilliant young hero is shot down, just as all his prospects seem to be brightening—the mare continues its success, and Uncle John looks after the future of the young widow and child. The underplot—with the false Dick Madingley (a "tout" who pretends to be a nephew of old John)—is very cleverly worked out. Bob

Grafton is a breezy, pleasant fellow, and Bessie is a model wife, and altogether *A False Start* is well worth reading.

In *His Helpmate* Mr. F. Barrett deals with an old subject in a truly pleasant fashion; the story is told in the first person, with a simple directness which is not its least charm. Madge Goddard, the heroine, is a beautiful girl of a rare type, a maiden who knows her own failings and possesses fascinations enough to enable her to acknowledge them. Her brave resolve to earn something to help support her lazy father fails, and she accepts an offer of marriage from a rich vulgarian because "her greatest desire is to become a woman of the world." But Mr. Motley, of Motley & Harlowe, brewers, has only proposed to her so that his partner, an agreeable young fellow, shall not; and as the engaged pair have not a single taste in common, in spite of her poverty, Madge feels obliged to give Motley up. Then she finds out that she is really in love with Philip Harlowe, who is in every way worthy of her affections, and, of course, these two are soon united. With their wealth and amiability they gain a high position in society, which excites the envy of the horrid little woman whom Motley marries, and these two then contrive to ruin the business, and the Harlowes are reduced to extreme poverty. Everything is given up, even Madge's settlements, and Philip becomes a working-man, willing and ready to do anything, but heavily handicapped by the fact that he has never been taught any kind of craft. But in their trouble the sweetness of Madge's disposition shows itself, and saves both of them, and in their poverty they come upon the man upon whom Motley had put the blame of the ruin; and, the business having regained its old footing, Motley is frightened into giving back half the property, and the Harlowes become rich again. Mr. Goddard, Madge's father, generally called "Potter," because he once tried to copy that master, is a perfect type of the unsuccessful artist, and, with his cheery selfishness towards his hardworking daughters, only represents a scamp too often to be met with in Bohemian circles.

In *The King's Service* is not up to Mrs. Hibbert-Ware's usual form in any respect, and it is really to be regretted that she undertook to depict a period in this century which has been so very well done by various distinguished authors. The tale promises in several respects to become interesting; but these opportunities are quite missed by the introduction of quantities of lengthy and irrelevant matter. The style throughout is exceedingly strained; and, excepting the picture of Hastings, which is rather good, the descriptions of scenery are weak. The details of army life are very laboured, and the character of a colonel who dislikes his men to marry has been dealt with too often. The pilfering baronet becomes very tiresome; and really the elderly lady who makes love to her footman, or to anybody else, is drawn with a great lack of taste. Sergeant Kite should have been a good character sketch, but there is too much of him at different intervals; in fact, the story is extremely disconnected, and one of its worst faults is its lengthened out and badly ending love interest; for, after marrying the wrong girl, the hero is killed at Waterloo. It is a pity that good materials should have been used up in so slipshod a fashion.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.*

THE long series of letters which Mr. Hessels has written to the *Academy*, and which is still in progress, promises to start a fresh controversy as to the invention of printing, and perhaps, in a multitude of new facts, to point out which may change the stereotyped opinion of centuries. Meanwhile M. Bouchot's book may be taken as stating the old case without anything very novel or remarkable in the way of historical criticism, if we except what appears to be a palpable misstatement in a passage relating to what the author calls the second generation of printers. Here we read that the Italian work at the end of the fifteenth century—the date 1497 is named—is remarkable for the beauty of the title-pages; the French work of the same period is also deservedly praised; but the German work is utterly condemned. The Gothic type, we are told, is "covered with bizarre appendices"—we presume M. Bouchot or his translator means "appendages"—and a little later became illegible even for the Germans. This is certainly not the case up to the middle of the sixteenth century. Some of the woodcut titles of the reformers' tracts are of superlative beauty, excelling everything French or Italian; and it was not until considerably later that the absurd and illegible German type was brought into general use, with its "bizarre appendices," for the benefit of the German optician, and no one else. M. Bouchot's illustrations are well chosen and carefully printed. The notices of English book illustrators are evidently, as indeed is implied in the preface, interpolations by the translator. They greatly add to the value of M. Bouchot's original work; although, from a French point of view, even Bewick may not be much esteemed. At the end are chapters on bindings and on libraries, and there is a sufficient index.

When may we expect to see such an account of the Barker Bibles as Mr. Dobson has here given of the *Bassandyns*? The Barkers, printers to Queen Elizabeth and the first Stuarts, were

* *A False Start*. By Hawley Smart, Author of "Breezie Langton" &c. London: Chapman & Hall.

His Helpmate. By Frank Barrett, Author of "The Great Hesper" &c. London: Ward & Downey.

In the King's Service. A Tale of Real Life. By Mrs. Hibbert-Ware, Author of "The King of Bath" &c. 3 vols. London: White & Co.

* *The Printed Book; its History, Illustration, and Adornment*. By Henri Bouchot. Translated and enlarged by Edward C. Bignmore. London: Grevel. 1887.

The Bassandyns Bible. By W. T. Dobson. London: Blackwood. 1887.

very interesting people, and their story is little less than a tragedy, but full of curious episodes. In Anderson's *Annals* there is some account of them, but only in relation to their connexion with Bible-printing. Christopher Barker, their patriarch, was a herald in his early life, and as such attended Sir Thomas More and Bishop Tunstall of London to Cambrai in 1529. That he was no man of business was proved by his purchase of a manor in Kensington in 1582 for 2,000*l.*, and his sale of it ten years later to Walter Cope for 1,300*l.* The bankruptcy of his grandson and his death in prison in 1645 would conclude an interesting sketch. Mr. Dobson has a special acquaintance with the history of the Scottish press, and is able to tell us many things hitherto little known south of the border. He begins at the very beginning, before there was any Scottish Bible, and also details the early history of printing in Scotland. In March 1543 James IV. consented to the use of the Bible in the vernacular, the English edition being available; but it was not till 1579 that Thomas Bassandyn's Bible was issued. The printer did not live to see the day. He had issued the New Testament by itself in 1576, and died early in 1579 before the whole Bible was published in the July of that year. "The sale of this first Bible was rather forced," observes Mr. Dobson; the Privy Council enacted that every household worth three hundred marks a year "and all substantial yeomen and burgesses" should have a Bible and a Psalm-book. Mr. Dobson continues his story after the Bassandyn period to that of the celebrated Ruddiman, whose *Rudiments* dwell in the memory of many people, and who died in 1759. Mr. Dobson makes but slight mention of the suppressed New Testament of 1670, and none of Mrs. Anderson's famous Testament of 1694, of which it is said that a misprint occurs in every column. But he has not been as careful to trace out curiosities of literature as to tell in a plain, interesting, and straightforward way the history of Scottish Bible-printing. The illustrations are very clear and instructive. The index is hardly as full as it might be, and the list of "the principal authorities from which the information is derived" is extremely meagre. A book on Bibles and Bible-printing, in which neither Lea Wilson, Francis Fry, Archdeacon Cotton, nor Dr. Scrivener is mentioned, will bear considerable improvement. On the whole, we think that while the narrative, so far as it goes, is excellent, a book of this kind to be useful should have, if only in an appendix, some of those bibliographical particulars which Mr. Dobson wholly avoids.

FAMILIAR GARDEN FLOWERS.*

WE are in doubt for whose satisfaction the outside of such a book as this is prepared. It is not for the delectation of children, we hope, that this cover of bright muddy blue, with its profusion of gilt, and this sunken panel of gold, with its *lapageria* in crimson and emerald, are foisted upon us. As a matter of experience, we know, and publishers ought to know, that children turn instinctively from this kind of gaudy and flimsy splendour. We must suppose it intended for some class of adults; but a book which professes to describe and recommend such delicate objects as flowers lays itself open to censure if its outside is ornamented in a style that would seem tasteless if applied to gingerbread at Bartholomew Fair. We have not the same objection to the plates inside the book, which are printed in colours with tolerable care. The spray of wistaria opposite p. 21 is really very well executed, and gives a true sense of the silvery blue of the living blossoms. The gentianella, again, on p. 113, and the Japanese anemone, on p. 129, are quite good, and would give an adequate idea of the flowers in question to a person who had never seen the original. At the same time, we defy any one who does not look at the leaf to say what the flower is meant for which is represented opposite p. 81. It is most like some cherry-coloured primula hitherto unknown to horticulture, and certainly does not the least in the world resemble what it is intended to depict, a verbena. The violent blue of the larkspur, p. 57, and the coarseness of the hyacinth, p. 41, are unfortunate, and it seems a pity that in many instances extraordinary specimens should have been selected for illustration. Modest, normal, and true figures of flowers are what are really serviceable to the amateur gardener.

The letterpress of this volume is supplied by Mr. Shirley Hibberd, who has often before this been engaged in similar work. The information he gives, though brief and desultory, will often be found useful. There are many who will be glad to know that the mignonette is a very late introduction into English gardens, and was first brought from Paris by Lord Bateman in 1742. Mr. Hibberd warns us, in speaking of this flower in general society, not to call it *reseda odorata*, and, indeed, to do so would seem a little priggish. He might sometimes express himself with somewhat more care. For instance, he tells us that "The eclipse of a grand garden flower must be reckoned as a domestic calamity, and this we have had to endure in the cultivation of the hollyhock." If we take this literally, it represents the exact opposite of what Mr. Hibberd wants to say; for what he means, of course, is that "in the case of the hollyhock" we have had to endure the domestic calamity of the eclipse of a flower.

* *Familiar Garden Flowers*. Figured by F. E. Hulme, and described by Shirley Hibberd. With coloured plates. London: Cassell & Co.

BISHOP DROKENSFORD'S REGISTER.*

THE Somerset Record Society, "formed for the purpose of seeking out, editing, and printing" documents bearing on the history of the county, has made a good beginning by presenting its subscribers with a *Calendar of the Register of Bishop John of Drokenford*, the earliest extant register of the diocese of Bath and Wells. Bishop Hobhouse, the editor of the volume, has performed his task with judgment and skill. The purport of each entry is clearly and briefly described—sometimes, indeed, rather too briefly—for, to take an example haphazard, it is little good to tell us that a "detailed penance" was prescribed for a refractory monk, who was to be confined in a monastery other than his own, without telling us what prayers he had to say, and how often he was forced to fast on barley bread and pulse. One of the longest entries contains a delightful story of how Sir Alan Plokenet, of Haselbury, buried his mother in a less dignified church than she had willed, and, when a monitory letter was sent him from the Bishop, forced the rural dean to eat it, wax seal and all. The Register gives a vivid picture of the character of the clergy, of the system of diocesan administration, and of the relations of the Bishop towards the Pope and the Crown. Among the various matters connected with the character of the clergy are the large number of manumissions granted for the purpose of conferring the tonsure, the frequent licences for non-residence, and the notices of illiterate incumbents. In one case a "temporary vicar" is appointed for a rector admitted "tanganqum illiteratus," a provision being made that ten marks a year should be allowed the rector for the cost of his education at Oxford, the vicar receiving the rest of the revenue. Several useful notes are given. In one of these there is an odd slip. A licence granted in 1315 "ad instantiam Dn. Marie de Ambresbury" had nothing to do with any "Abbess of Amesbury." In the first place Amesbury was a cell of Fontevraud, and was presided over by a prioress, not an abbess. And the lady in question was, of course, Lady Mary, daughter of Edward I., about whose retirement a good deal is told us, and who does not appear to have become prioress; at least, she certainly was not so as late as 1328. Bishop Hobhouse's Preface forms an excellent introduction to the Register, and the section on the "Bishop in relation to his Diocese and Officers" is especially valuable.

IL LIBRO DELL' AMORE.†

SIGNOR MARCO ANTONIO CANINI has been well known for many years as a philologist, general linguist, poet, and journalist, and as one who has fought with both sword and pen for the cause of extreme popular freedom in Italy. In the present work he has undertaken the collection and preparation for publication of a most extensive series of love poems, Italian, or translated from some hundred and forty other languages and dialects, the very names of many of which, as well as those of the poets who wrote in them, will be unknown or unfamiliar to the majority of readers. The works of twelve hundred writers, without counting anonymous pieces and songs of the people, have been selected from; and Signor Canini informs the readers of his preface, that he has himself turned into Italian 35,000 lines of poetry. It is not surprising, therefore, that the first volume should run to more than seven hundred pages, and the second to over two hundred and eighty pages of small but very distinct print. The poems are those of all sorts and conditions of men of all countries, from King Solomon and Homer down to obscure peasants and working-men in Italy and elsewhere. The array of love verses is indeed prodigious; but Signor Canini has marshalled his forces with wonderful care to form, so to speak, certain distinct squadrons, or more exactly, branches of the service or science of love. There is a section of poetry to explain what love is, entitled *Che cosa è amore?* Another headed *Beauty and Woman*; and there follow others appropriated to the subjects of the Necessity for loving, First love, the Spring of love, and Love platonic and of the senses. The Expression of love is the name given to a couple of sections, in the first of which are contained sonnets only. In the second volume appear no less than twelve sections, and the objects and principles upon which all these classifications have been made are well explained in the preface to the whole collection. Some of the later divisions have a considerable touch of seriousness and sadness about them. There is *Matrimony*, a state which is not always believed to foster the production of love poems, as witnesses Byron's scoffing couplet on what would have become of Petrarch's sonnetting if he had married Laura; there is *Separation and Return*, *Scorn and Reconciliation*, *Death of the Loved One*, *Widowhood*, *New Love*, and, very touchingly, *Love in Advanced Life*, and *Remembrances*. There is a certain irony in the circumstances that all these sections are preceded by the two respectively entitled *Il bacio* and *Il desio addisfatto*. For the pieces contained under these dangerous headings it is claimed that a careful discretion has been exercised in their selection; but it would have been better if a more rigorous canon of exclusion had been enforced.

* *Calendar of the Register of Bishop John de Drokenford, Bishop of Bath and Wells, 1309-1320*. Edited by the Right Rev. Bishop Hobhouse, late Bishop of Nelson, N.Z. Printed for Subscribers by the Somerset Record Society. 1887.

† *Il libro dell' amore*. Poesie italiane raccolte, e straniere raccolte e tradotte da M. A. Canini. Venezia. 1885-1887.

It would require far more than the hundred eyes of Argus, and each eye to be gifted with a separate power of linguistic criticism, to do justice to the multifarious contents of Signor Canini's volumes, besides a careful examination of all the very numerous translations with their originals. And this would be an extremely difficult affair, in consequence of the absence of all references to the titles of the poems which wholly or in part appear in the collection. If such references had been made one blunder would hardly have been committed, which consists in ascribing to Wordsworth Scott's lines from *Marmion*, beginning with "O woman! in our hours of ease," a wrong ascription which would be enough to make the poet of Rydal turn in his grave if he could only know of it. But he might be content with the Italian version of his "She was a phantom of delight." Many English poets have been made the subjects of translation, from Surrey, Shakespeare, and Spenser down to the Brownings, Mr. Swinburne, and Lord Tennyson. There are also selections from Milton, Herrick, Burns, Byron, Moore, Shelley, and Hogg, who figures as "Jacopo Hagg," with a mistaken spelling of his name such as is more often to be met with in modern French than in Italian books. Many other English and American poets have also been laid under contribution. In two of the pieces from Lord Tennyson errors have crept in, which a little more attention would have avoided. In the charming song from *The Miller's Daughter* the "I scarce should be unclasped at night" is made to mean the direct contrary by translating it into "deporriami, Ella di notte solo"; probably from an insufficient acquaintance with the negative force of the English adverb "scarce." In the "Lady Clare" the lilywhite doe which occurs in two stanzas, becomes "un candido giglio," a mistake, with its consequential blunders, for which no excuse can be suggested.

But Signor Canini's undertaking was a gigantic one, and it is not to be wondered at if occasional defects should be found to occur in it. The first volume appears to have been received with much favourable criticism on the Continent and in the United States, no doubt pleasing to the compiler and translator, but not accompanied by much substantial gain. For he puts it with some humour:—"Insomma non c'è mai stato un libro così lodato come il mio Libro dell' Amore . . . e così poco venduto."

The book was, of course, chiefly intended for Italian readers, and to give them the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the love-poetry of other languages than their own, so that no extensive circulation of it could be expected out of Italy. It must be admitted, too, that there is a certain unavoidable monotony impressed upon the collection from having so many poets of different ages, tongues, and styles rendered into the one same language by the one same hand, as well as by the uniformity of subject, which forms the essential basis of the plan of selection. It is an Anthology in which all the flowers belong to the same genus, and of which the different species all have much in common.

ARGOT AND SLANG.*

IT cannot be said of this work that it came before it was wanted. Those who think that argot is simply the jargon of thieves, and do not know how this "rill of language" has burst its bounds, spreading "broad and wide" into every field of society, are behind the times. Call it "slang," or the "shibboleth of the drawing-room," or "shop," it is all "conventional phraseology," generally invented for a definite purpose, and much of it is merely in advance of the dictionaries. Most of it may die ere it is legitimized; the rest, after passing quarantine and being declared healthy, will take its place with the other sound words. New ideas rise more rapidly now than they did a generation or two ago; there is everywhere more effort to be original or quaint; hence new words are manufactured, and, as Professor Barrère says, "argot may be heard everywhere, and it is difficult to open a newspaper or a new novel without meeting with a sprinkling of some of the jargon dialects of the day." "From the beggar to the diplomatist every class possesses its own vernacular." And as there is not the least exaggeration in the remark that argot is to be found in all current French literature, it will be admitted that this work will be welcomed by all who read French. There are, it is true, several slang dictionaries in that language, but this of Professor Barrère's may be said not only to embrace them all in its nearly 500 quarto pages, but to include a great deal of a far more extended nature than is to be found in any of them. In an interesting introduction he explains clearly "the true inwardness" or real nature of slang, giving some curious indications of its irregular nature. Thus, there is not one word for sober in argot, but one hundred and fifty for an "unfortunate" or "social evil." So in English gipsy, words are wanting for hundreds of common English terms, while there are fourteen for a policeman. One—*lubbeny*—suffices them, however, for a frail sister!

Argot was either more fully developed in France in the fifteenth century than in England or else it found a poet to make it live; for there is no record of English Canting of that time which shows such a copia verborum of "slanguage" as "le jargon de Maistre François Villon." Fifty-four pages of this Dictionary

* *Argot and Slang.* A New French and English Dictionary of the Cant Words, Quaint Expressions, Slang Terms, and Flash Phrases used in the High and Low Life of Old and New Paris. By A. Barrère, Officier de l'Instruction Publique. London: Privately printed at the Chiswick Press by Whittingham & Co. 1887.

are filled with specimens of both French and English argot from his time to the present day. They are interesting and well selected. The autobiography of a thief in thieves' language, communicated by the Rev. J. W. Horsley, and rendered into French, is a true curiosity, both as to the subject and the ingenuity which Professor Barrère has shown in its translation. As regards the Dictionary itself, the severest critic must admit that a collection of about ten thousand words can hardly fail to include nearly all that a foreigner would need to know. It is an ungrateful task to notice the casual defects of such a book when we reflect that it is a doubtful matter whether the man exists who is capable of perfectly mastering the argot of English or French. The former, for instance, requires a thorough knowledge, not only of Middle English and Saxon, but of Gipsy, such as few possess, with some familiarity with Hindu and Sanskrit, German, Hebrew, French, and Italian, and when all these are learned, the scholar cannot sit down and do all his work out of other men's books. He must go among the people. Unfortunately the collector, the pioneer, the man who does the hard work, is always the one who is torn to pieces, and suffers the worst from the "closet-scholars," who find it very easy to prove that he is "no philologist," and to demonstrate that they have a wonderful gift for picking holes. The opportunities for disputing etymology are fearful enough in standard language, but when we get to Canting, in which one word has sometimes a dozen origins, those who contend, as all orthodox "philologists" do, that there can be and ought to be but one, have a fine feast of fighting before them. Thus there are several words, such as *sûkar*, *sûkero*, *shûkar*, meaning slow, soft, sweet, dry, and the English gipsy condenses or expresses them all into or by one—*shukâr*.

It is unquestionably a defect that Professor Barrère, misled by Grose, Bulwer, and many other writers, has mistaken Canting for Gipsy. Thus he tells us that in gipsy cant, eyes are termed *glaziers*. But *yack* (Hindu *ankh*) is the only word in Romany for an eye. Nor is there any real gipsy in the following, quoted as a specimen of the language—

Tour out with your glaziers. I swear by the ruffin!
That we are assaulted by a queer cuffin.

Though to be sure *quer* was brought as *quer* (probably by the gipsies) from German, and *cuffin* is also *cofe*, or *cove*—derived from the gipsy *acovo* or *covo*—"that man," "that person." But they are not gipsy any more than *homme* is Latin, though it be of Latin extraction. Nor is there any occasion for our author to go to the German language for a far-fetched derivation of *durry-nacking*, when it simply means in English gipsy and canting lace-peddling—*dori* being both thread and lace, and Hindu in its origin. It would have been as well perhaps to have translated the *marchands de lignes* (journalistic slang)—men who manufacture "copy" only for money—by "penny-a-liners," since that is exactly the class meant. But, errors apart, it may be clearly and fairly admitted that the author has shown very great skill and expression in the great majority of his versions. Thus *œil marécageux* is most happily hit off by "an eye with a languid expression or with a killing glance." *Vous n'y couperez pas* is boldly rendered by "I'll stop your little game." The proper method to translate such language is to follow the example of Sir Thomas Urquhart in his version of *Rabelais*—that is, to give an equivalent of expression instead of attempting to be strictly literal—as was illustrated in the anecdote of the Westminster boy who said to a friend, "Did you ever! I literally *Unquam tu fecisti*, but I should translate it myself *Meherde!* even if it isn't word for word." This style of free and vigorous translation has been followed with excellent effect by Professor Barrère. In addition to the lexicography and introduction there is a valuable list of the works used by the author in compiling his book, which will be welcome to all who take an interest in the subject. The typography and paper of this work render it a fine specimen of the "luxurious edition," and it is furthermore adorned with a very beautiful etching by Durand, representing the various types of the classes who speak argot.

A GERMAN HISTORIAN OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

CONTINENTAL judgments on English literature are often calculated to make Englishmen stare and gasp like Quintilian. It is a very curious circumstance that while Frenchmen and Germans seldom have much reason to complain of a defective appreciation of their best authors on our part—German men of genius, indeed, during the present paralysis of the imaginative faculty in their own country, often faring better here than at home—an Englishman rarely opens a foreign history of his literature without lighting upon something which, to whatever school of taste he may belong, he must regard as flat blasphemy. We have rarely encountered deliverances of this kind so provocative of Homeric laughter as some of Herr Bleibtreu's, who, indeed, would have little claim to notice if his book were tested by its weakest parts. When, however, we find the critic who pronounces Milton no poet "in the higher sense," denies that Pope ever had a thought, deems Gray's *Elegy* tedious, but Ossian fine, and can see no dramatic power in Browning's lyrics, and no pathos in *We are Seven*, writing at the same time well on Shakespeare

* *Geschichte der englischen Litteratur in der Renaissance und Klassicität. Geschichte der englischen Litteratur im neunzehnten Jahrhundert.* Von Karl Bleibtreu. Leipzig: Friedrich.

and Byron, intelligently on Tennyson, and not unappreciatively even on Shelley, we cannot help feeling some curiosity to get at the bottom of the problem. If the cause of his aberrations could be expressed in a word, we should be inclined to define it as pedantry. He seems to have a fixed idea that some classes of subjects are suitable for poetry and others essentially unsuitable. The notion, we suspect, is an inheritance from Lessing, whose acute discrimination of the boundaries of poetic and plastic art was not an unmixed gain to criticism. The poet, Herr Bleibtreu decrees, must not reason, and as Pope and Dryden broke this arbitrary law, their amazing intellectual force, finish of style, and wealth of poetic illustration go for nothing. The writer seems even to object to the manifestation of any moral purpose whatever. As Mrs. Browning's poems are full, not merely of imagination but of reflection, the author is branded as "didactic," as ludicrously inappropriate an epithet as could have been contrived for her. It is also sheer pedantry to test a writer solely by a subjective standard of the critic's own, without any regard to the influence which he has exercised on his countrymen. We certainly shall not quarrel with Herr Bleibtreu's admiration of Byron; and his treatment of Wordsworth, though inadequate, is less preposterous than his treatment of Keats. But when we find Byron getting fifty times more space than Wordsworth, we can but feel amazement that Herr Bleibtreu should either be so entirely ignorant of their respective significance in the history of English thought or should esteem this a matter of no importance. The warmest admiration of Byron's genius may coexist with the most absolute indifference to his opinions—which, indeed, seldom deserve attention; but no one deeply admires Wordsworth without imbuing his whole intellectual manhood with that gentle but mighty influence. It is in great measure owing to his neglect of the great poets of the early part of this century in their character as moulders of opinion that Herr Bleibtreu goes so wildly astray when he comes to treat of their successors. Mr. Browning, so great an intellectual force in the England of to-day, gets half a page, against three pages vouchsafed to that delectable songstress, Ada Menken. The German explorer of the English Parnassus who accepts Herr Bleibtreu as a Baedeker will find himself in some comic situations.

We are not inclined to be very severe on Herr Bleibtreu's mistakes, recognizing both the vastness of the field he has traversed and his general accuracy. The confusion of Dante and William Rossetti, for example, is easily explained and excused. The misprints in English names are, however, almost too bad for toleration, and another class of blunders deserve special animadversion, as they seem to arise from the author's contenting himself with conjecture where nothing short of verification should have satisfied him. The statement that Rossetti's sonnets are imitated from Petrarch should not have been hazarded if the critic's reading has been confined to one of the poets, and could not have been made if he had read both. It was, no doubt, great presumption in Dryden to write *All for Love* without stealing from *Antony and Cleopatra*; but he did so presume, and Herr Bleibtreu's accusation of plagiarism is a mere guess, and a wrong one. If our author had read Disraeli's *Popinilla* as well as criticized it, he might have been dull enough to miss the humour of the satire, but he could not have been wild enough to term it an imitation of Swift. The description of Dryden's *Religio Laici*, "that moderate and rationalizing defence of the Church of England," as Mr. Saintsbury calls it, as a companion piece to *The Hind and the Panther*, rivals the subsequent definition of *Sordello* as a tragedy, but is surpassed by the character of Shelley's *Masque of Anarchy* as "an Aristophanic comedy." What Herr Bleibtreu can have been dreaming of in these and other instances it were vain to conjecture. The *Masque of Anarchy* is even less of a comedy than the Book of Job, for it is not even dramatic. From one passage it might fairly be concluded that, to the best of Herr Bleibtreu's knowledge and belief, the Elgin marbles have been stuck upon the Marble Arch, and the Arch derives its name from this circumstance.

With all these absurdities, there is yet considerable merit in large portions of Herr Bleibtreu's book. One of its best features is the number of excellent versions from English poets, many from his own pen. These prove that he is by no means insensible to poetical excellence, and suggest that his deficiencies are not so much the consequence of bad taste as of perverse critical dogmas. There must be something fundamentally wrong in a system of criticism which excludes Milton at one end and Browning at the other, and which gravely pronounces that the prose-poetry of Ruskin and De Quincey "pales" before the powerful but uninspired rhetoric of Macaulay. We should advise the author to study for a time under the objects of his perpetual disdain, the English critics, and learn from them to criticize on the simple basis of common sense. He will not find them scrupling to laugh or cry without the leave of Lessing or Hegel, or ignoring a palpable hit because the fencer has thrust in carte when he should have thrust in tierce. We would further recommend him, by retrenchment of the immoderate space devoted to Byron and by the excision of criticisms on French authors who have nothing to do with his subject, to make room for something like an adequate account of many writers of genius very insufficiently treated, and of many more not mentioned at all. Among the latter we may instance Borrow, Beddoes, Peacock, Patmore, George Meredith, Christina Rossetti, and Matthew Arnold, who is confounded with the author of *The Light of Asia*.

VAGRANTS AND VAGRANCY.*

THE moral of Mr. Ribton Turner's laborious and exhaustive compilation is that vagrants and vagrancy are incurable evils. They have been from the beginning; they will be unto the end. There has been no period in our history when to provide against their increase has not been the care of our lawgivers, and none in which the institution has not flourished, and its supporters have not been numerous and thriving out of all proportion to their merits. There were mumpers (in Anglo-Saxon) in the original Heptarchy, and there will be mumpers (in modern English) in the Heptarchy to be created by Mr. Gladstone. That is the plain truth of it. The statute-book is crammed with enactments against the profession; and in 1885 some 4,500 men and women were charged with its practice in London alone.

It is evident, indeed, that vagrancy is like the camomile, in that "the more it is trodden on the faster it grows." Mr. Ribton Turner's first reference to the craft is derived from Ammianus Marcellinus, who writes, in 368, of whole nations—the Picts, the Scots, and the Attacotti, "a very warlike people"—in a state of vagabondage. "These Attacotti," he remarks, "are identified by the Irish annalists with the Aithech-Tuatha, which signifies, according to O'Curry, the rent-paying tribes or people"; and he notes that they are "said to have risen against their lords" by way of protesting against "the exorbitant exactions" which were levied upon them to pay for the "prodigal entertainments" of their landlords—"exactions which were known in later times under the name of coshering." It may be gathered from this that rackrenting is no modern invention, but a national, a purely Irish institution; but that is by the way. Coming down to later times, Mr. Ribton Turner quotes an enactment from the statute-book of Hlothere and Eadric, who reigned in Kent from 673 to 685, and from 685 to 686. At that epoch the profession, he thinks, was chiefly recruited from among the slaves and the freedmen—the *theows* and the *ceorls*. They committed crimes, they had hard masters, or they wanted change and some experience of life; and they could only achieve their purpose by breaking with their past, and becoming vagrom men. Their great ally was the chapman; he bought their plunder, or he took them into his train and under his protection, and so gave them a means of escaping recapture and of plying their trade with impunity. Ine of Wessex made laws to keep him honest; and Bede accuses him of slave-dealing. As for the vagrant, once on the road he had, it seems, not much difficulty in "keeping his end up." His fellow *ceorls* appear to have favoured him so persistently that King Ine is found punishing the offence by fine; while as for the charity of the religious and the great, it was not less lavish than it was indiscriminating. Mr. Ribton Turner quotes enactments made by Wiltred of Kent (690-725), and Egbert, Archbishop of York (732-67), to show that the clergy wandered like the rest. Æthelstan, Edmund, Cnut, and Edward the Confessor are all shown to have made vagrancy the subject of peculiar and well-considered legislation; but the effort was vain, for as the population increased so did the number of landless and broken men. With the Conquest things grew worse, and under William Rufus they seemed as bad as bad could be; but they got still more dreadful under Beauclerc, and under Stephen they reached a point at which even to read of them is intolerable. The King was powerless to keep order; so his barons "filled the land full of castles . . . and when the castles were made they filled them with devils and evil men." It was the business of these ruffians to harry the land, make all the prisoners they could, and visit them with "unutterable tortures": so that "if two men or three came riding to a town all the township fled for them, concluding them to be robbers," and "to till the ground was to plough the sea." For this there seemed to be no remedy. The "bishops and learned men," it is true, cursed these malefactors "continually"; but "the effect thereof was nothing to them," inasmuch as "they were all accursed and forsworn and abandoned." All the same the cursing went on, and in the end it prevailed. In the early part of the next reign—in 1142, to speak by the card—it was decreed, at an assembly convened at London by William of Winchester, that "any one who violated a church or churchyard, or laid violent hands on a clerk or other religious person, should be incapable of receiving absolution except from the Pope himself"; also—what is still more significant—that "ploughs in the fields, and the rustics who worked at them, should be sacred just as much as if they were in a churchyard." Henry II., indeed, had taken over from Stephen, not a kingdom, but a howling wilderness of suffering and rascality; and, as if its conditions were not dark enough already, he was instantly visited with a couple of invasions—from the Scots on the one hand, and the Welsh on the other. He went to work, however, like the ruler of genius he was; and in 1166 and 1176, after years of wholesome and fairly successful effort, he held the Assizes of Clarendon and Northampton, whereat there were enacted such measures for the repression of crime and the better administration of justice as would of themselves suffice to make his reign remarkable. In 1169, too, he issued a stringent edict against vagabond emigrants from over the Welsh marches, while he put a stop to the slave trade all over his kingdom; so that what he handed on to Richard Cœur de Lion was in every respect an immense improvement from what he had received from Stephen of Blois.

* *Vagrants and Vagrancy.* By C. J. Ribton Turner. London: Chapman & Hall. 1887.

His work, undone in great measure under Richard and John and Henry III., was continued by Edward I., the results of whose labours, in their turn, went off into air in the hands of Edward II. The England of this last was the scene of the exploits of the magnanimous Sir Gosseline Denville and his brother Robert, who, having wasted their substance in riotous living, took to the road, and made themselves the terror of northern England. They broke into monasteries and nunneries; they robbed the churches and stripped the very altars; they "stuck up" two cardinals near Darlington—two cardinals who were on their way to arrange the articles of a peace between England and Scotland; disguised as monks, they waylaid the King himself, and obliged him and all his retinue to contribute to their necessities; they "cracked" the episcopal palace at Durham, gutted it of its valuables, and left the prelate and his retainers stark naked save for the bonds that bound them hand and foot. They were captured at last, and hanged at York without a trial. As for Edward III., he was prodigal enough of enactments, but chary of example. He had no money, and he had to live as best he could. He was addicted himself to coshering or sorning:—that is to say, he came as an uninvited guest wherever he would, and lived at the expense of his host as long as ever he might. "When men hear of your coming," wrote Archbishop Islip to him, "everybody at once, for sheer fear, sets about hiding or eating or getting rid of their geese and chickens or other possessions, that they may not utterly lose them through your arrival." The picture is completed by some terrible quotations from Piers Plowman. Matters were in no way bettered by the rule of Richard II., in spite of repressive enactments, and in spite, too, of the first legal recognition of the claims upon their richer townsmen of the impotent poor. Mr. Ribton Turner quotes Froissart to show that "there rose in the realm companies in divers routs, keeping the fields and highways, so that merchants durst not ride abroad to exercise their merchandise for doubt of robbing, and no man knew to whom to complain to do them right, reason, and justice." These conditions—"right prejudicial and displeasing to the good people of England"—were somewhat bettered under Henry IV., who dealt with particular severity with vagabondage in and from Wales, and would suffer the presence of no "Minstrels, Bards, Rhymers, and Westours," under a year's imprisonment. Of Harry of Monmouth it is recorded that he was the first to deal with the Irish vagrant, for that in 1413 it was by him "ordained and established . . . that all Irishmen and begging Irish Clerks called Chamberdeacons be voided out of the Realm" within a given time. One of the first enactments of the reign of his son was directed against the same people, of whom some centuries later (1847), in the space of less than four months, over 131,000 were landed in Liverpool alone. "After warres," wrote Sir John Cheke, "it is communely sene that a great number of those whiche wente out honest, retorne home againe like roisters, and as though they were burnt to the warres botome, they have all their lyfe after an unsavory smacke therof, and smel still." Sir John continues with a bitter particularity, "towards daieslepers, purse pikers, highwaie robbers, quarelmakers, ye and bloodshedders to." Crop after crop of wastrels of this sort was grown by the Wars of the Roses; and in the reign of Edward IV., after the Peace of Picquigny, the English men-at-arms had no sooner landed in their own country than they set to work and plundered high and low—"to compensate themselves," says Mr. Ribton Turner, "for the loss of booty which they were led to expect they would obtain in France." The rule of Henry VII. did something towards mitigating the plague of vagrancy; but it could not have been much, for Henry VIII. is said, by Harrison, to have hanged—"of great theeves, pettie theeves, and roges"—some "three score and twelve thousand . . . in his time." The effect of this wholesale strangulation appears to have been imperceptible; for, the same authority remarks, that "since his (Henry's) death the number of them is so increased, yea, although we have had no warres . . . that except some better order be taken, or the lawes already made be better executed, such as dwell in uplandish townes and little villages shall live but in small safetie and rest." Better—or, at all events, severer—order was taken under Edward VI., when it was enacted, at the instigation, Mr. Ribton Turner thinks, of the Spartan Cheke, that vagrancy should be punishable by branding, slavery, and on occasion even death. In 1569, Elizabeth and her Council having "a jealousye of certain that went about in the north" and elsewhere—"as vagabonds, beggars, gamesters, and such like"—there were apprehended, in one day, "thirteen thousand masterless men throughout the nation." Enactment after enactment was passed; and for all "Proctours or Procuratours," sturdy beggars, "Fencers, Bearwardes, Common Players in Enterludes," minstrels, "Juglers, Pedlars, Tynkers, and Petye Chapmen," "Shipmen pretendinge Losses by Sea," "Comon Labourers . . . using louteryng," beggar students, "Counterfeitures of Lycenses . . . and all users of the same," existence was made as nearly as might be intolerable; yet in 1577 Harrison had "heard reported" that the number of these artists, "of one sex and another," was supposed to "amount to above 10,000." Twenty years after (1597) came the famous 39 Eliz., c. 3, "which for the first time made systematic provision for the relief of the poor" on the basis of parochial relief; while in 1601 that Act was passed (43 Eliz., c. 2) "which still forms the basis of the English Poor Law, and which provides not only for the relief of the poor, but for the proper administration of relief"—the italics are our author's—"and for the punishment of those who refuse to work by im-

prisonment in the house of correction." Under this law a sum of about nine millions per annum is devoted to the maintenance of those among us who cannot or will not maintain themselves; so that in one respect, at least, the precedent furnished by Elizabeth and her counsellors may be admitted to have achieved unparalleled success.

To go further hand in hand with Mr. Ribton Turner is impossible. We must content ourselves with noting that he brings down his history of the contest between vagabondage and the law even to the present time, and that throughout the work is marked by the qualities of industry and thoroughness in research. Special chapters are devoted to vagrancy in Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Germany, Italy, and other countries; to the history and habits of the English gipsies, in dealing with whom the author is by no means at his best; to the corporations of begging friars; and to the various forms of slang in which the children of the road have expressed, or do still express, themselves. Then come a number of quotations from the several writers who have treated the subject of this book, from Chaucer down to Dickens and Henry Mayhew. Many of these, it should be remarked, might well have been spared; but some—as, for instance, the letters of George Atkins Brine, a professional "screever" of repute—are interesting in the highest degree. In a note of some half-dozen pages (called "L'envoyé") the author takes leave of his readers and his theme. He admits that, so far, legislation has been beaten; but he suggests that, if it were made reformatory instead of penal, results would probably be less discomforting. Into the discussion of these and other considerations we do not purpose to follow him. It will be enough to add that we regard his book as not less interesting than useful; and that, if only those who read him would take his advice in the matter of indiscriminate giving, he might be found to have done more towards the repression of vagrancy than all the Vagrant Acts that have been made.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE AVAUX, or Mesmes, family has been lucky in obtaining notice from historians and biographers. The importance of its last distinguished member in connexion with James II.'s loss of Ireland has long given him a somewhat prominent place in English history; a year or two ago Henri de Mesmes, founder of the family fortunes in the time of the later Valois, found his editor; and now Claude de Mesmes (1), in the middle of the seventeenth century, has the same fortune. He was a diplomatist, had much to do with the Peace of Westphalia, and sojourned in Denmark, Germany, and elsewhere. The correspondence now published is between him and his father, the Sieur de Roissy. It contains little of the first importance, but is interesting both politically and socially.

Maine de Biran (2), who used to be much in the hands of Hamilton and the Hamiltonian school, has been somewhat neglected of late, and it would appear that the published editions of his work are anything but complete. M. Bertrand, Professor of Philosophy at Lyons, has found a considerable quantity both of letters and of philosophical treatises in MS. and proposes to publish them. This first volume contains not only an important commentary on Descartes's *Meditations*, and a long treatise on the "Relations of Ideology [this short-lived word dates, it must be remembered, from Biran's time] with Mathematics," but numerous minor works. The letters, chiefly to Ampère the elder, are to follow.

La chambre rouge (3) is a sufficiently ingenious crime-novel with its scene transplanted from the South to the North of France, a comic captain of some merit, a love affair, a wrongfully imputed theft, and so forth. It may be fairly well recommended to the amateurs of the style who are now many, and who will, as somebody says, "do with an extry bit" even after the abundant supply of M. Fortuné du Boisgobey. The lady (Mme. Emile Lévy) who writes under the name of Paria Korigan has collected some stories of merit in *Les ardents* (4). The title tale takes its name from the race or breakers at the foot of Cape Fréhel wherein the hero is drowned. The hero is an unpleasant person who bullies his wife—the which we own is wrong. His wife adores him in consequence—a consequence often insisted on by the grosser sex, but here it will be seen endorsed by a lady. There is a curious and undefinable touch in *La femme de Silva* (5) which suggests personal experience, or at least "foundation in fact." Here there is another brutal husband, but his wife does not adore him at all; because his brutality takes the form, not of bullying her, but of playing Tom Jones to an aged Lady Bellaston. A trial at the end is rather well done. The first and title story of *Le maître à danser* (6), though on no new theme—the hopeless passion of an old and *ex hypothesi* absurd person—is prettily carried off and well written. Of the others, "L'oncle la Gorgère"—a tale of a rustic Becky Sharp, who was not so clever as Becky, but perhaps for that reason more lucky—is the better. The punishment

(1) *Correspondance inédite du Comte d'Avaux*. Par A. Boppe. Paris: Plon.

(2) *Nouvelles œuvres inédites de Maine de Biran*. Par A. Bertrand. Paris: Leroux.

(3) *La chambre rouge*. Par P. Lacroix. Paris: Plon.

(4) *Les ardents*. Par Paria Korigan. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *La femme de Silva*. Par J. Marin. Paris: Ollendorff.

(6) *Le maître à danser*. Par A. Chabot. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

of vice in it is decidedly happy, if not altogether "proper." M. Noël Blache has shown talent in his series of novels of country life in the South of France, but he is writing, or at least publishing, them rather too fast. In nearly all his books there are good situations, and in *M. Peymartin* (7) these are certainly not lacking. The lovers of the story, too, are striking, and the only thing wanting is a more perfect portraiture of character. In coming to the next book we find that the week is still "at the bad husbands," if a Gallicism may be pardoned. The hero of M. Tarbé's *Roman d'un crime* (8) was a very bad husband indeed, and a scientific man too. In searching after the source of cheap light and heat he did shocking things, but the gods were too much for him, though he was a scientific man. *Le chemin* No. 107 (9), contains various stories, written in a rather artificial style occasionally, but with skill. "La plaque Routière," a little better arranged, would have been a great success. As for "Le père Harcouet" (10), he had eleven millions (French arithmetic) of money, but he was not a nice old man. The moral of the book is that it is not wise to take a *bonne à tout faire*, marry her to some one, continue relations with her, and with the connivance of the husband, and expect things to turn out well. This moral may not be very moral, but we have no doubt of its truth.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

SOMETHING more than a place in our list of new editions is due to the second edition of *The Scenery of Scotland*, by Dr. Archibald Geikie (Macmillan & Co.) As originally published in 1865, this book presented a convincing proof that the study of physical geography apart from geology was no longer possible, while it brought within measurable distance the time when the educational importance of geology would be rightly estimated in our schools. In its new form, with an increased field of observation, with excellent woodcuts and diagrammatic sections and maps, the practical utility of the book is greatly enhanced. By no means the least important of the novel features of the new edition is the itinerary of various routes, which is a kind of illustrative skeleton-key to the more remarkable geological aspects of the Scottish coasts, Lowlands and Highlands. By this ingenious plan Dr. Geikie's scenic descriptions may become indelible object-lessons to the tourist, the yachtsman, the angler, and the sportsman. The visitor to the fertile plain of the Carse will realize by the aid of Dr. Geikie's topography how the battle of Bannockburn was lost by the English; the voyager on Western lochs and fjord-like inlets will find a world of suggestiveness in the vivid pictures of the slow results of glacial action and of the forces of denudation and erosion. To the average tourist the scenery of the Highlands recalls the poet's Caledonia "stern and wild," whose ruggedness suggests old titanic throes of cataclysmic energy, altogether at variance with the glacialist's "smooth and polished aspect" of the Highlands and of Western Scandinavia (p. 86). The chapters that resolve this apparent paradox into a revelation of truth at once complete and convincing form a striking vindication of Dr. Geikie's topographical method and of a theory once discussed and combated with a good deal of fervour. Something of novelty still clings to the author's scientific treatment of topography. It is fundamentally opposed to the conventional and narrow meaning of the word. In *The Scenery of Scotland* topography is writ large, and presented with wonderful force, distinction, and comprehensiveness.

Norway Nights and Russian Days (Trübner & Co.) is the title of a well-written account of a summer tour, by Mrs. S. M. Henry Davis, pleasant to read when far away from the scenes described, and a book to commend to those about to make their first voyage "to Norway o'er the fæm." Trondhjem and Hammerfest, the midnight sun and North Cape, have inspired many pens, but not often with a more unpretentious yet graphic fidelity than in the modest chronicle of this pretty volume. The woodcuts are generally really illustrative, and the sketches of Russian and Scandinavian peasantry are excellent.

Only a Curate, by E. G. Egomet (Fisher Unwin), professes to be the work of one who suffered much contumely because he has taken orders in Canada. The chief impression of these "experiences and reminiscences of clerical life" is that the narrator, "the Rev. Mr. Egomet," is in all respects, save his orders, a Dissenter. Indeed, it would be only natural to suspect the author of a friendly understanding with the Liberation Society. His sketches of clergymen are not in the least degree entertaining, and surpass the grosser forms of caricature. The cloven foot is prematurely shown in his account of a Sunday in London, when he was able to compare what he calls "Nonconformist reality" with "Church ritual," and found great profit and solace in a chapel on Holborn Viaduct. There is something too childlike and bland in his statement that, having made inquiry as to the chapel and preacher, "he was informed that the edifice was named 'The Temple' and the preacher Dr. Parker." This charming episode occurs in an early chapter, and prepares the reader thoroughly for the amazing "experiences" that follow.

For people who are not shy of provincial speech there is humour of a rough and racy kind in Mr. T. E. Brown's *The Doctor*; and

other Poems (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) The Manx dialect is not too lavishly employed, and as the necessary glossary is confined to foot-notes, the reader's progress is tolerably smooth.

Young poets are proverbially assimilative, and it seems that Mr. Arthur Bayldon has thrived somewhat on the study of Byron, to judge from an "Ode to the Ocean" and other specimens of his skill in *Lays and Lyrics* (Bell & Sons). It is much more difficult to discern any promise in Mr. Bayldon's lyrics, though his verse is fluent and his metrical execution decidedly meritorious.

Mrs. Piatt's *Child's World Ballads* (Elliot Stock) form an extremely slim volume; but the poetry is distinguished by a bright and graceful fancy, and an occasional quaintness of expression that is void of affectation. Though a little beyond the world of ordinary children, the opening ballad, "Three Little Emigrants," is both original and spontaneous in its pathetic suggestiveness.

In the "Canterbury Poets" (Walter Scott) we have *Early English Poetry*, a fairly representative selection, chiefly drawn from the minor contemporaries of Chaucer and Spenser, with a critical introduction by Mr. H. Macaulay Fitzgibbon. The editor's treatment of the old texts shows, so far as we have tested it, good sense and critical reverence.

Practical Hints on Drawing is the title of an excellent little elementary guide by Mr. A. Bevan Collier, published by Messrs. Lechertier, Barbe, & Co. In a book designed for the use of absolute novices—of children, in fact—nothing is of greater importance than the laying down of first principles in unambiguous terms. Mr. Collier's directions to the beginner are eminently practical; for they may be practically tested, and with the certainty of good results, by any attentive boy or girl. The book is altogether a useful preparative, in advance of more elaborate treatises.

Among our new editions are *The Odyssey of Homer*, done into English prose by Professor Butcher and Mr. Andrew Lang (Macmillan & Co.); *Sunlight*, by the author of *The Interior of the Earth* (Trübner & Co.); and Mr. T. Hall Caine's *A Son of Hagar* (Chatto & Windus).

We have received the eighteenth annual volume of the *Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute* (Sampson Low & Co.); *Jamaica at the Royal Jubilee Exhibition*, Liverpool, by Mr. C. Washington Eves (Spottiswoode & Co.); and the *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution* (Mitchell & Co.)

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